

# Leatherneck

SEPT.

THE MAGAZINE OF THE MARINES

25c



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# Brad's — For "Rings With Reputations"

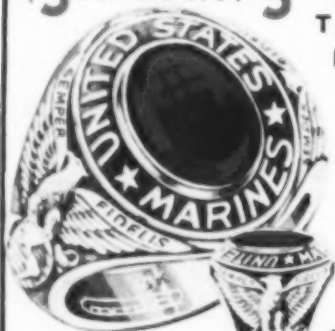
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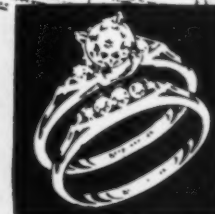
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# IN THIS ISSUE

## ARTICLES

	PAGE
Banana Borne Landing .....	8
Capital Conclave .....	12
Reserves Won't Sink .....	17
South From The Sphinx .....	20
The Kansas City Cannoneers .....	25
Rifle Matches '49 .....	31

## POSTS OF THE CORPS

Kodiak .....	38
--------------	----

## SPORTS

And So They Go .....	44
----------------------	----

## FICTION

Some Make It, And Some— .....	43
The Mascot .....	46

## DEPARTMENTS

Sound Off .....	1
Bulletin Board .....	6
Know Your Leaders .....	16
Gyrene Gyngles .....	30
We - The Marines .....	50
Mail Call .....	59
Marine Corps Changes .....	60
Books Reviewed .....	62

THE LEATHERNECK, SEPTEMBER, 1949

VOLUME XXXII, NUMBER 9

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# SOUND OFF

Edited by

by Sgt. Frank X. Goss

## FMF CORPSMEN

Sir:

As a regular reader and subscriber to *Leatherneck*, due to my service with the Corps as a hospital corpsman (Second Marine Division) during the war, I would like to see an article regarding the Navy Corpsmen with the Marines.

There are numerous personnel who do not know what the Fleet Marine Force Corpsmen are. The other night in 'Frisco I was checked by the Shore Patrol for my I. D. Card and hauled in because I was wearing a Navy uniform and the picture of me on the ID card was in the Marine uniform that I wore while with the FMF. The Shore Patrol Chief (with some 20 years' service) had never heard of Navy Corpsmen serving with the Marines.

They called the ship and the OOD verified the fact that I was an ex-FMF corpsman and that my ID card was valid. I was then allowed to proceed, but it was irking to think that after 20 years in the Navy some people don't know what's going on. Oh, well, I guess you have to do a stretch in the Corps to get squared away.

Dale J. Card, DT2

FPO San Francisco, Calif.

● It has been some time since *Leatherneck* has had an article on the Navy Corpsmen, but in the past we have carried several good stories on the Navy medical personnel who served with the Marines. And, don't worry Doc, the Marines you fellows shared foxholes and K-rations with in the islands haven't forgotten.—Ed.

TURN PAGE

## THIS MONTH'S COVER . . .

A concrete pillbox gets the heat treatment on this month's cover. Emplacement assault was a routine task for Pacific War Marines. The kodachrome by Lou Lowery, taken at a recent demonstration at Quantico, proves that the art is being kept very much alive.

*He'll have a happy trip  
... he's got P.A.\**



● Of course he'll be popular with the ladies! He has Pipe Appeal, the ultra-masculine charm of the pipe-smoking man! And with Prince Albert smoking tobacco in his pipe, he's headed for real smoking joy and comfort. P.A. is rich-tasting, mild, and easy on the tongue!

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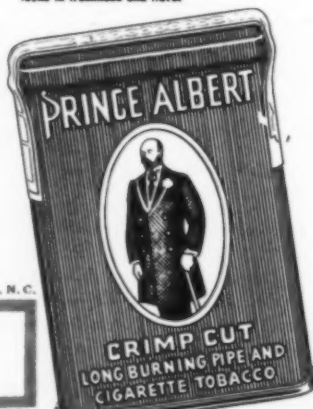


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## SOUND OFF (cont.)

### SERVICE WIVES CLUB

**S**ERVICE women, drawn together by their mutual problems, have been meeting in discussion groups with the result that a flexible organization has been formed. They will be known as the Unified Service Wives.

These groups will attempt to gather information of interest and help, pertaining to those engaged in National Defense. Their interest is in maintaining the morale and high standards of the military organizations in today's world.

Inquiries are welcome, and should be addressed to Unified Service Wives, 5009 Fulton Street, N.W., Washington, D. C.

### GYRENE GYGLES

Sir:

In many issues of the *Leatherneck Magazine*, a page has been set aside and titled, "Gyrene Gygles." I would appreciate knowing if *Leatherneck* has made a collection of such poems which might be bought. If so, how may I obtain a copy?

As a suggestion, it might be a good seller among the other books in your *Leatherneck Bookshop*.

J. M. Elliott

Freeport, Pa.

● *Leatherneck* has been printing poems sent in by Marines for 30 years, including such perennial favorites as "Captain Jimmie Bones," "From the Gates of Hell," and hundreds of others. However, they have not been compiled into a book for sale. We wonder what our other readers think of this idea.—Ed.

### REUNION?

Sir:

I have often read in *Leatherneck* that different outfits have had reunions. It had made me wonder if the men in my old outfit wouldn't like to have a reunion, too. I'm a former member of the 1st Battalion, Twenty-ninth Marines. If so, maybe they'd write to me and we'll see if we can get together on it.

George "Bucky" Bunnell

158 Orange St.  
Bloomfield, N. J.



## BOUGAINVILLE

Sir:

We would like a little information on the following questions about the Bougainville campaign. It will help to settle a couple of arguments between myself and a soldier formerly with the Americal Division.

(1) When was D-Day and where did the landing take place?

(2) Who commanded the Third Marine Division and who had the Americal Division?

(3) When did the Army start landing at Bougainville and when did they start relieving Marine front line units?

Ex Sgt. Wm. B. Badger  
Denver, Colo.

● (1) D-Day was November 1, 1943, with the landing taking place at Cape Torokina in Empress Augusta Bay. (2) The Third Marine Division was commanded by then Major General Allen H. Turnage and the Americal Division was led by Major General John R. Hodges. (3) Elements of the 37th Infantry Division (148 Infantry) began to arrive on November 8. The 129th arrived on November 13, and the 145th on November 19. Relief of the front line Marine units of the Third Marine Division began on December 21, and Gen. Turnage was relieved on December 28, by Gen. Hodges.—Ed.



## GI BILL OF RIGHTS

Sir:

I would appreciate very much if you would inform me of the date the GI Bill of Rights expired. It has been a disputed question ever since I joined this command whether or not I rate schooling under this law.

I enlisted in the Marine Corps 11 June, 1947.

Sgt. Keith A. Waggoner  
MD USS Toledo (CA-133)

● Any person who has had at least 90 days of active service, with some part of that 90 days occurring on or after 16Sep40 and prior to 25Jul47 may be eligible for education and training under the GI Bill of Rights. The veteran must, however, meet certain other requirements including separation from active service under conditions other than dishonorable. With no other information than you gave us we cannot go further, but it would appear that you would be eligible for at least one year of schooling.—Ed.

## RIBBON DOPE

Sir:

We are having an argument over ribbons. It seems that I could have been tossed in the brig yesterday for wearing some which I thought I rated. I think I can wear them and so do a lot of other men.

Here are my reasons: I left Treasure Island for Pearl Harbor on the USS Anderson. We hit Pearl Harbor and remained aboard for five days before proceeding to Guam, landing there on January 28, 1949. I went to radio school and returned to the States on April 9th. Do I rate any ribbons? Some say we had to be in a combat zone to rate any.

Pfc G. H. E.

1st ProvMarBrig

● Sorry, but we're afraid you do not. The Asiatic-Pacific Medal was awarded for service in that area between the dates 7Dec41 and 2Mar46. The Victory Medal for Services between 7Dec41 and 31Dec46.—Ed.



## IS IT REALLY WRONG?

Sir:

I would like to call your attention to the mix up on the cover of the May Leatherneck. You had the correct information, but the wrong picture. The picture on the cover was not that of the Chan Shan Ching Temple, but one of the buildings belonging to the Society of the Red Swastika, a Chinese organization similar to the Red Cross. The temple was a short distance from Gate #1 of the Marine compound.

Corp. James L. O'Donnell, Jr.  
Camp Pendleton, Calif.

\* \* \*

I would like to correct you on your May cover. If my memory hasn't failed me, that's the "Temple of the Five Virtues," located at the intersection of Ta Sha and Lunkow Roads about a block from Gate #1 of the Marine Compound. It is not the Chan Shan Ching, located near Gate #3 as you stated.

Pfc T. Hertslet  
Camp Pendleton, Calif.

● Well, you both agree on the location, anyway. We were in Tsingtao so short a time that our memory fails us on the identity of the disputed building. How about some of you old China hands setting everyone, including Leatherneck, straight on the name of this temple?—Ed.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 5)

# Your Shoes

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PASTE SHOE POLISH

Goes on easily...

Polishes quickly...

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SCUFFS!



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**O**PPORTUNITY and determination is the difference between leaders and followers. Leaders are men of force and action; they make decisions while mediocre men stand bewildered at life's crossroads.

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## SOUND OFF

[continued from page 3]

### A PROUD MARINE MOTHER

Sir:

As the proud mother of two fine Marine sons (one of them in the Second Division during the war) I have a question to ask. As my husband and I were leaving the theater one night I noticed a man in an Army uniform, but wearing a Second Marine Division patch on his sleeve. I stopped, but my husband hurried me on to the exit as he knew there would have been a lost sleeve on that uniform if he had not. Why was this Soldier wearing a Marine patch? Incidentally my oldest Marine is now stationed in Alaska.

Mother of Two Marines  
San Francisco, Calif.

● *The chances are very good that this soldier was once in the Second Marine Division, too. Army regulations allow their men to wear two patches, one from a unit served with during the war, and the other signifying their present unit.—Ed.*

### MARINES IN NAVY

Sir:

My buddy and I are having a small argument as to whether or not the Marine Corps is a part of the Navy. Does General Cates, the Commandant of the Marine Corps, take orders from the Navy Department?

Pfc Kenneth Harwood  
FPO San Francisco, Calif.

● *The Marine Corps is very definitely a part of the Navy, and has been for nearly 174 years. While the Commandant is directly in command of the Marine Corps, he is subject to orders from the Secretary of the Navy, and/or the Chief of Naval Operations.—Ed.*

### CREAMED BEEF ON TOAST

Sir:

While reading Sound Off, I noticed that you sent Thomas McSkinning a recipe for creamed beef (or hamburger) on toast. I would appreciate it if you would do the same for me.

Ralph W. Miller  
Milltown, Ind.

● *And after all the grousing we have heard about that old breakfast standby, too. Looks like a man has to get out of the Marine Corps to really appreciate SOS. We have had dozens of letters like this one requesting the recipe we sent to McSkinning and have complied with all of them.—Ed.*

## REMEMBERS THE CORPS

Sir:

The other day I was happy to find the *Leatherneck* on sale at my favorite news stand, and needless to say I crossed Joe's palm with a quarter and made for the nearest exit in less time than it takes a DI to quick-freeze a boot at inspection.

I was reading the contents of said magazine with great relish when I found myself all choked up and crying in my lemonade. It was all because of the story "Baby Look At You Now," by another former Gyrene, R. J. Church.

Oui, Monsieur, I too, am a soldier now. A dog-face with an anchor and globe tattooed on his left arm—and elsewhere.

In my outfit I know of at least a dozen more ex's—all of us serving a hitch in the Army for various and sundry reasons.

I can appreciate soldier Church's reason for being a wearer of the ODs also Joe Bichefski's reason. However, I'd like to point out, that as far as I've been able to determine from a personal survey, the real reason for most of us being in the Army, is this:

The Army believes a man retains his value even after he has been away for a couple of years. To illustrate, if I may, by a personal example—I was discharged in 1946 as a master Sergeant. I then proceeded to college where I waded around picking up facts for a couple of years. Figuring I now was better qualified to hold down my rank than previously, I marched up to the Marine recruiting station in yon Court House.

"Been out over two years, eh?"

"Yeah."

"How would PFC suit you?"

"Are you kidding?"

Slam!

Most honorable Army offers me five of my six stripes back. I accept.

So sorry, would like to wear the green—but with a wife and baby—well, you know how it is.

Sgt. 1/c David D. Wasson

EI Paso, Texas

● *The Marine Corps had to adopt a standard by which to grade all men who wanted to return to the Corps, in order that their whole system of promotions would not become overbalanced. To have allowed you to return at the second paygrade would have denied that rank to someone who had been patiently waiting for that other hook. There are plenty of them, too. However, it is a pleasure to know that Marines serving in the Army still reminisce about their Corps. We know that you are a better soldier for the Army due to a solid foundation of military training in the Marine Corps.*—Ed.

## AIR WING HISTORIES?

Sir:

I have been reading from time to time in *Leatherneck* about new division histories being published. I was a Marine but served in an Air Wing instead of a division. Will we ever rate a book of this type?

Corp. Leo Dudas

Detroit, Mich.

● *To date we haven't heard of any plans to publish histories of any individual Air Wings. However, a very fine history of Marine Aviation as a whole is being written by Robert Sherrod. No date has been set for publication, nor will this book be distributed gratis as were the division histories.*—Ed.

## TRIGGER FISH

Sir:

During the war when we were stationed on some of the smaller islands for a time, a lot of the men spent spare time in fishing. We used to catch one particular fish quite a bit which the natives told us was poison. It was a small fish, perhaps 10 inches long, with its eyes set about half way back the length of its body and was brown. Do you know any poison fish that fits this description? I want to do a paper on some experiences in catching this type of fish, but need to do some research for same. Can you help with name of said fish?

LeRoy White

New Haven, Conn.

● *Our piscatorial expert thinks you might be referring to the Trigger Fish. A couple of other species of poisonous fish that many of the men caught in the Pacific during the war were the puffer and the parrot fish.*—Ed.

## ANOTHER FLAG RAISING

Sir:

As a matter of historical interest, particularly to Marines, didn't they raise the first flag over the palace in Mexico during the war down there? It seems this should be one of the important flag raisings attributed to the Marine Corps, but is never mentioned any more. Did the flag raising at Iwo Jima overshadow all the past events of this type?

Nate Stamper

Billings, Mont.

● *History seems to indicate that a Lieutenant A. S. Nicholson commanded a force of 40 Marines who captured the palace in Mexico City in 1847 and raised the first American flag over the "Halls of Montezuma." Events of 100 years ago just aren't remembered as well as those of four years ago.*—Ed.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 49)

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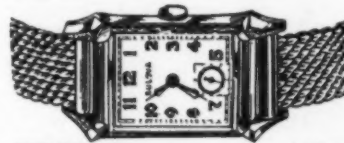
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L 102—Bulova "Broker." 17 Jewels. Yellow gold filled. Mesh bracelet. \$57.50 cash, or \$22 down, \$7 monthly.

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# BULLETIN BOARD

## PROMOTION NOTES

**H**EADQUARTERS has announced that promotion above the rank of Private First Class will be effected only after the Marine concerned has served the following minimum length of time in grade: For promotion to corporal, one year; to sergeant, one year; to staff sergeant, 18 months; to technical sergeant, two years; to master sergeant, two years.

Service in grade will be computed from the date of rank, rather than the date of promotion. If a Marine has served satisfactorily in his present, or a higher, grade during a previous enlistment in either the regular Marine Corps or the Marine Corps Reserve, if on extended active duty, the time may be used to determine eligibility for promotion. Time so acquired may be computed for one promotion only.

Commanding officers have the authority to appoint Privates First Class when the individuals are considered qualified and meet the following requirements: Male recruits—have completed recruit training without offense; Women recruits—have completed ten weeks' active duty, including recruit training, without offense; or have completed four months' service without offense.

Authorization for promotion will be distributed semi-annually for all pay-grades, with the exception of the sixth. Promotions to the first three pay-grades will be authorized by name. Promotion to the fourth and fifth pay grade will be authorized by name for certain groups of specialists, and by quota for all others.

For promotion to all ranks above corporal, a passing score must be attained in the General Military Subjects Test. Present rank must be below the terminal rank of the individual's specification number or promotion will not be authorized.

In the case of individuals holding ranks above their terminal pay-grade, commanding officers will assign a specification number calling for the rank of the individual concerned, providing he is qualified for the change in classification. Marines who do not have the qualifications for a specification number, commensurate with their rank, will be given every opportunity to prepare themselves for a change in classification, either by assignment to on-the-job training, or assignment to school. Units without the facilities for requalification training may recommend the transfer of an individual to a post having the necessary training facilities.



# BULLETIN BOARD

The chart shown below governs the appointment and reappointment of men to the enlisted ranks effective September 6, 1949.

Rank Held At Time Of Discharge	Rank To Which To Be Appointed Or Reappointed Upon Enlistment Or Re-enlistment in the Marine Corps					
	Master Sergeant	Technical Sergeant	Staff Sergeant	Sergeant	Corporal	Private First Class
Master Sergeant	If re-enlisted within 24 hours after discharge (excl. Sundays and holidays) subject to the provisions of MC Memo 7-49	If re-enlisted within 90 days after discharge	If re-enlisted within 1 year after discharge	If re-enlisted within 2 years after discharge		If re-enlisted after 2 years after discharge
Technical Sergeant		If re-enlisted within 24 hours after discharge (excl. Sundays and holidays)	If re-enlisted within 90 days after discharge	If re-enlisted within 1 year after discharge	If re-enlisted within 2 years after discharge	If re-enlisted after 2 years after discharge
Staff Sergeant			If re-enlisted within 24 hours after discharge (excl. Sundays and holidays)	If re-enlisted within 90 days after discharge	If re-enlisted within 1 year after discharge	If re-enlisted after 1 year after discharge
Sergeant				If re-enlisted within 30 days after discharge	If re-enlisted within 90 days after discharge	If re-enlisted after 90 days after discharge
Corporal					If re-enlisted within 30 days after discharge	If re-enlisted after 30 days after discharge
Private First Class and Private						No time limit

# BANANA BORNE LANDING

VIPs witness "invasion" of Quantico

by Sgt. J. A. Smith, Jr.

by Marine Corps air-ground assault groups

attacking from "carrier borne" helicopters



THE Marine Corps recently had occasion to unwrap at Quantico, for a group of Congressmen and other dignitaries, a hitherto secret technique of executing amphibious landings. For many months Marine Corps planners have been working out methods whereby assault troops and their equipment could be landed on hostile shores via helicopters launched from aircraft carriers. In line with the Corps' mission of developing new equipment and techniques for amphibious operations the revelation of the helicopter assault was another milestone in the long series of Marine Corps contributions to amphibious science. Still in the early phases of evolution, this new method of getting fighting Marines from ship to shore has many interesting possibilities.

For the Quantico demonstration a mock aircraft carrier deck was painted on the airfield. At the proper moment a Marine bugler stepped forth and blared out "flight quarters," thereupon plane handlers in colored shirts rushed to their ships, the 'Copters' large blades began to whirl, Marines in combat gear quickly boarded each plane, and in a matter of seconds the deck-load of "flying bananas" lurched into the sky and disappeared over the nearby hills.

Later at the "landing zone" Marine jets from VMF 122 and Corsairs from Quantico treated the spectators to an exhibition of strafing and rocket bombing of amazing accuracy as they covered the landing of the troop carrying helicopters. Protected by the close support of the Marine fighter planes, the infantry and its supporting artillery

pieces were quickly in position and ready to move upon the assigned objective. The combined air-ground assault effectively impressed the onlookers with the possibilities of this revolutionary technique.

The demonstration was continued with a more orthodox landing assault upon a section of strongly defended beach. A rifle company supported by tanks, air, and naval gunfire showed how the Marine Corps coordinates weapons, large and small, for that most difficult mission—landing against a defended shore.

At the end of the demonstrations one lawmaker was heard to remark to a colleague: "Nothing wrong with that was there?" "Not a thing."

We modestly are inclined to agree.

END



Combat troops and cargo for one helicopter are paraded before Congressmen and others who witnessed a new technique in executing amphibious landings

Plane handlers relax on mock carrier as infantry laden 'copters clear decks



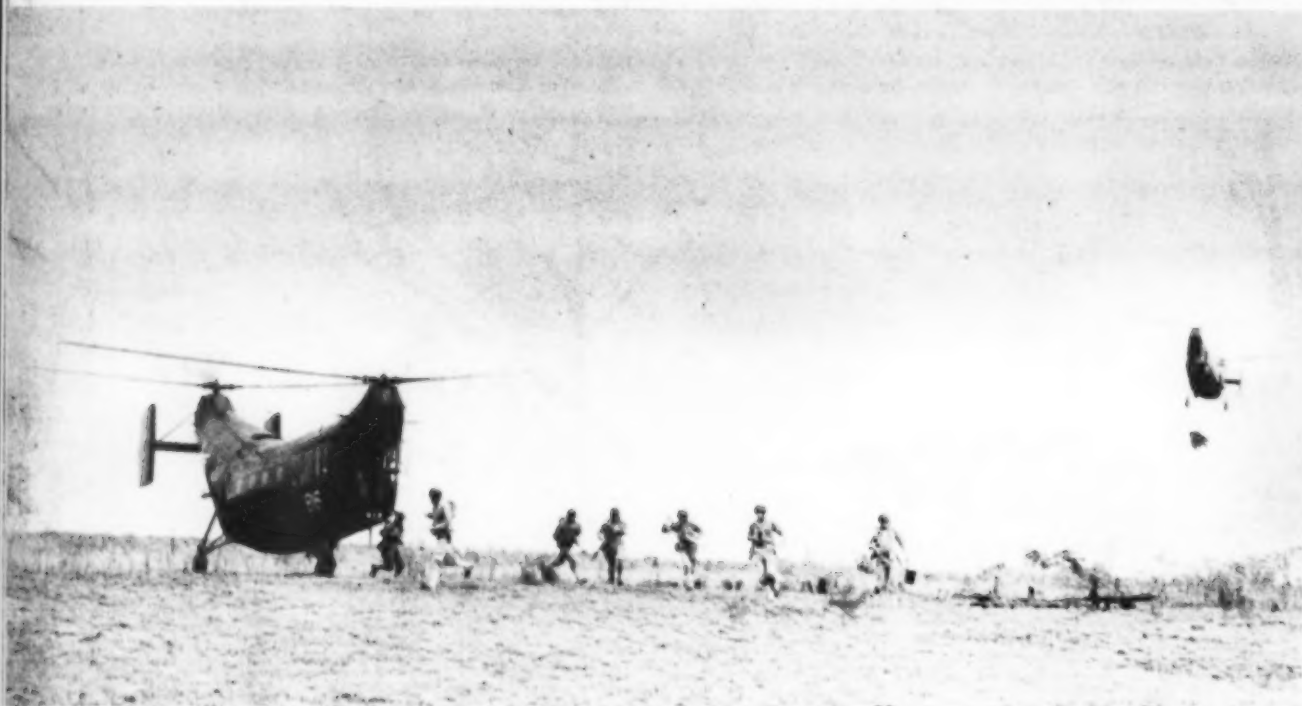
Fully equipped Marines hop aboard on the double at sounding of "flight quarters." Marine jets and Corsairs covered the landing of troop carrying helicopters

**BANANA BORNE LANDING (cont.)**



With a lurch, a loaded helicopter is airborne, carrying its "banana team" to the enemy beach for a vertical landing.

On the deck, trained Marines took positions quickly and began to move upon their assigned objective with efficiency



Light artillery pieces and machine guns go into action at the landing zone thus marking an important milestone

in a series of Corps contributions to amphibious science. The demonstration continued with a conventional landing assault





Behind a smoke screen laid by supporting fighter planes a bunch of bananas scoot in with a full load of troops and

weapons including machine guns and light artillery pieces. 'Copter infantry carried marching packs, carbines and M1s



Airborne field artillery is landed and put into instant action supporting the riflemen facing an enemy-held strong point



Visitors at the demonstration saw a repeat performance of the old Marine Corps specialty of cracking a tough pillbox



Continuing the mock assault on the fortified 'beach' another enemy-held emplacement is given more knock-out treatment.

This knockout punch, practiced by Marines in peacetime, is a special technique used against heavily defended beaches



# CAPITAL CONCLAVE



Colonel M. L. Krulowitch leads a group of Fourth Division vets in the big parade

by Sgt. Harry Polete

Leatherneck Staff Writer

"SNOW" swirled in ever increasing amounts through the lobbies and cocktail lounges of the Statler Hotel in Washington, D.C. last June. But no white mantle covered the decks of the hotel; this was a different kind of snow. The Fourth Marine Division was holding its annual reunion and the battles of Roi-Namur, Saipan-Tinian and Iwo Jima were getting another rehash.

Some 500 strong, the former members of this war-born Marine division came

to Washington to meet old buddies and enjoy the companionships that meant so much in the austere days of war. A heavy percentage of the time was spent in the re-telling of the stories which became more colorful with each recount. It was an atmosphere to warm the cockles of any old campaigner's heart.

On the morning of June 10th veterans of the Fourth registered, then in a general state of confusion, they began to search the hotel in an effort to find out who was present. There was a lot of back-slapping and hand shaking; shouts of "look whose here!" and "I thought we left you on Iwo!" echoed through the Statler. When the first

enthusiasm of initial meetings had temporarily subsided, the officers of the association called the members into a general assembly. A business meeting was held to determine the future activities of the unit.

The remainder of that Friday was spent in meetings of individual units and a trip out to the Marine Barracks where a dress parade and a concert had been scheduled. After chow at the Barracks a moonlight cruise up and down the Potomac River ended the first day's activities.

Saturday was the big day. It started with an all Marine parade—the first in Washington since President Coolidge reviewed an expeditionary force of



## The Fourth Division

Association holds

its second reunion in

Washington, D.C.

Many of those attending the Fourth Division reunion came in uniform, again giving credence to the proud slogan: "Once a Marine, Always a Marine"

Marines from the Caribbean in 1924.

The parade was headed by General Clifton B. Cates, Commandant of the Marine Corps and wartime Commanding General of the Fourth Division. Immediately behind him came Major General Franklin A. Hart, President of the Fourth Division Association and Grand Marshal of the parade. Both rode in jeeps and drew a big hand from the crowd along the parade route down Constitution Avenue.

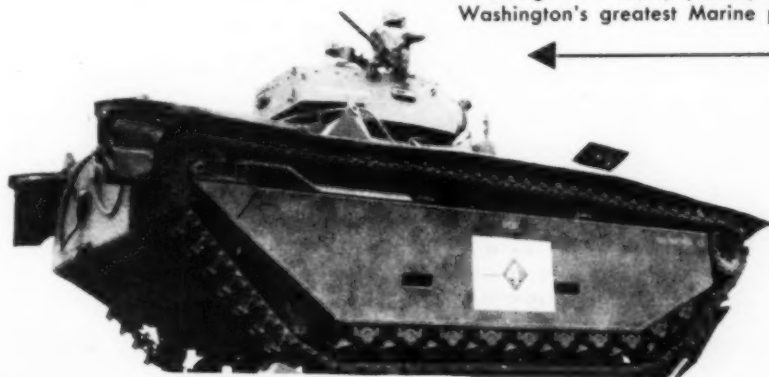
Other units in the parade included the Marine Corps Band, and Drum and Bugle Corps, plus a battalion of troops from the Marine Barracks in Washington, D.C. They were followed by several cars of disabled veterans of the Fourth. Colonel Joseph N. Chambers led a uniformed group of the Fourth, while Colonel Melvin L. Krulowitch headed the group in civilian clothes.

Three other bands, the Second Marine Division Band from Camp Lejeune, the Marine Corps Schools Band from Quantico and the Fifth Marine Reserve



Long hours of training, both in the field and on the parade ground, were reflected in the smooth-functioning ranks of the Twenty-second Marines

Several pieces of combat equipment, including an LVT(A), participated in Washington's greatest Marine parade



Band from Washington, D.C., played martial music along the route of march. The Twenty-second Marines from Quantico, in full combat gear, represented the Fleet Marine Force. Washington's own 5th Marine Reserve Infantry Battalion wound up the colorful parade.

With Generals Cates and Hart in the reviewing stand were Fleet Admiral William F. Halsey (Ret'd), Undersecretary of the Navy Daniel A. Kimball; Assistant Secretary of the Navy John T. Koehler and Vice Admiral Harry W. Hill.

After the parade, the Fourth Division members heard Adm. Halsey speak at the Sylvan Theater near the Washington Monument. With pride they

## CAPITAL CONCLAVE (cont.)

listened to him say: "Many people have called the Marine Corps the elite corps of this country. That's a gross understatement," he snorted, "I think it's the elite corps of the world."

He went on to suggest that since the Marine Corps had a limitation of strength, it should also have a minimum, and suggested that such a minimum should be set at six per cent of the combined total of all the armed forces.

"In this way," said the famous carrier warfare leader of the past war "we will have what this country needs—a perpetual Marine Corps."

That afternoon the association attended an impressive ceremony at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, honoring the war dead of this country and in particular those of the Fourth Division of Marines. Before leaving, Gen. Hart and Brigadier General E. A. Pollock placed a large floral wreath on the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier.

The grand climax of the reunion came Saturday night at a banquet in the Presidential Room of the Statler. Colonel Carleton Fisher, USMCR, acted as toastmaster and introduced the main speaker of the evening, Senator Leverett Saltonstall of Massachusetts—a man who had lost a son with the Marines on Guam. In his opening



In a place of honor at the head of the parade was the Commandant, General Clifton B. Cates, a war-time commander of the now famous Fourth Division

remarks the senator said: "The next best thing to being a Marine, is to be the father of one." His audience understood.

In an attempt to allay current fears concerning the emasculation or abolishment of the Marine Corps, Senator Saltonstall assured his audience that "Congress doesn't want to put the Marine Corps out of business." Continuing his speech on national defense he

warned that we must parallel efficiency in our armed forces with economy if we are to prevent spending ourselves in to the ground, as some of our former allies hope we will. This, he reminded the veterans, must be done if we are to preserve our American way of life, and keep faith with those who died for that ideal.

A crack drill team from the Marine Barracks at Eighth and Eye Streets

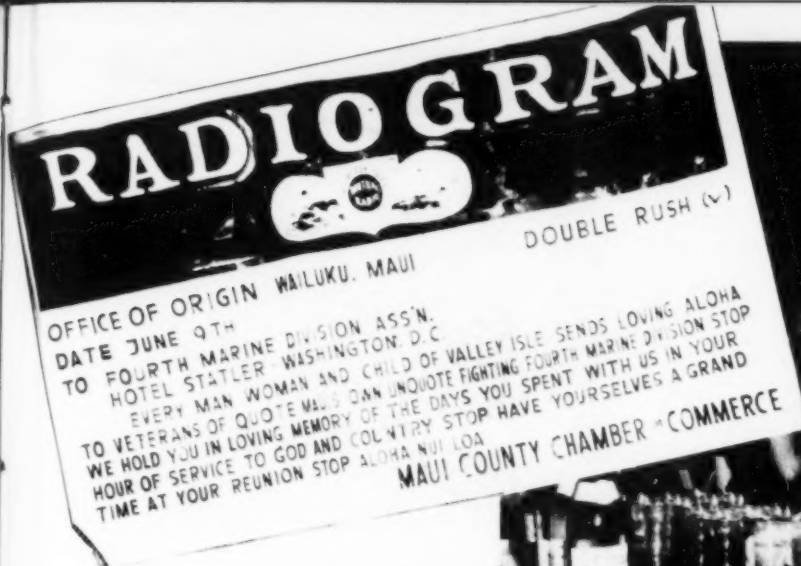


Generals Hart and Pollock at Tomb of Unknown Soldier. . . "in memory of our fallen comrades"



Fleet Admiral William F. ("Bull") Halsey (Ret'd) paid the Marines many compliments in his address to the Association





gave an admirable performance. Marines who have grown old in the service, Regular and Reserve, failed to recall anything which compared with the precision displayed in this drill.

Association officers elected for the year 1950 were: Brig. Gen. E. A. Pollock, President; Col. J. M. Chambers, MSgt. S. P. Hansen and Dr. Charles Conley (Cmdr), Vice-presidents; Major A. E. Hanson, Secretary; Major Ray E. Coyne, Adjutant; Father Leslie G. Whelan, Chaplain; MSgt. F. J. Feeley, Master-at-arms and Navy Corpsman Ulysses Tunletter, Assistant Master-at-arms.

In 1950 the reunion will be held on June 1-3 at the Hotel New Yorker in New York City. The new president urges that all members of the Fourth Division begin making plans now to attend. He hopes to make it the largest gathering of Marine veterans ever staged. **END**



Two veterans of the Fourteenth Marines, Frank Caswell and Dale Fisher, find a supply of tall "reminders" before starting "do you remember?" yarns



The Fourth Marine reunion ended with a banquet in the Statler Hotel's Presidential Room. Senator Leverett Saltonstall was the principal speaker

←  
Ex-Sgt. William J. Smith salutes his old outfit with some of that foaming stuff, so hard to get while overseas



# KNOW YOUR LEADERS

by Corporal James S. Thompson

Leatherneck Staff Writer



Major General William J. Wallace

**M**AJOR General William J. Wallace, Director of Aviation and Assistant Commandant of the Marine Corps for Air at HQMC, witnessed the Pacific war from its initial action at Pearl Harbor to the final defeat of the Japanese at Okinawa.

As a lieutenant colonel he was the Executive Officer of Marine Aircraft Group 21 at Ewa when the Japanese attacked. Later as brigadier general he became the Commanding General of the Air Defense Command and Fighter Command at Okinawa from April to August, 1945.

Gen. Wallace was born on August 6, 1895, in Church Hill, Maryland. He graduated from Washington College, Chestertown, Maryland, and was assigned to active service as a second lieutenant in the Marine Corps on June 15, 1918.

After a short tour of duty with the artillery of the Tenth Marine Regiment, he went overseas with the Second Provisional Brigade Marines to Santo Domingo where he remained until June, 1921. He returned to the United States and became a student naval aviator at the Naval Air Station, Pensacola, Florida. Upon completion of this train-

ing he reported for flight duty at the Marine Airfield, Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va.

During the 20 years that followed, Gen. Wallace served in various capacities as instructor, squadron commander or division commander at many of the Marine and Naval air stations and aboard ship. On December 7, 1941, the general was a member of Marine Air Group 21, participating in the defense of Ewa Field on the island of Oahu.

He commanded the Air Group at Midway and later was Commander of Air Group 23 at Guadalcanal in 1942. Here he was awarded the Legion of Merit. On the 'Canal he was wounded in action against the enemy.

From February, 1943, to May, 1944, Wallace was with Marine Air, West Coast, first as Chief of Staff and then as Commanding General. Later the general became Chief of Staff, Aircraft, FMF, Pacific.

He was Commanding General, Air Defense Command and Fighter Command, Tactical Air Force, Tenth Army, from March, 1945, to August 9, 1945, and in this capacity participated in the Okinawa campaign and was awarded the Distinguished Service Medal. His

citation reads in part: "A forceful and dynamic leader, highly skilled in the tactics of aerial warfare, Brigadier General Wallace went ashore at Okinawa . . . and . . . expertly directed operations for the arrival and immediate launching of strikes by Marine Fighter Aircraft.

"Continuing his brilliant direction, he coordinated and supervised his composite organization in carrying out their devastating offensive to account for more than 500 Japanese aircraft.

"By his super professional ability, sound judgment, and cool courage under fire, he contributed materially to the successful prosecution of the war."

Gen. Wallace again took command of Marine Air, West Coast, in August, 1945, a position he held until one year later when he was ordered to Aircraft, FMF, Pacific.

In September, 1947, he became Commanding General, Aircraft, FMF Atlantic, and Commanding General, Second Aircraft Wing. He remained there until February, 1948, when he was ordered to Headquarters to assume his present position as Director of Aviation and Assistant Commandant of the Marine Corps for Air.

END



# Reserves Won't Sink..... if they are forced to splash into the briny in an emergency.

by Sgt. Frank X. Goss  
Leatherneck Staff Writer

**They're Combat Swimmers!**

**T**HE men of the 5th Infantry Battalion, Organized Marine Corps Reserve, Washington, D. C., haven't sprouted webbed feet, but they are fast becoming amphibians in traditional Marine Corps fashion. They are the first Reserves to include Combat Swimming in their training program.

The battalion has made a worthy project doubly interesting by giving its training periods an aspect of recreation.

On assigned nights, beginning swimmers receive expert instruction at the shallow end of the pool while the more competent swimmers undergo training in life saving technique and Combat Swimming at the deep end. Women Reservists in the Washington area attend these sessions occasionally, brushing up on their technique and adding a touch of glamour to these strictly business-like instruction periods.

The Combat Swimming classes are similar to those conducted at the combat training camps during World War II. Because other equally important subjects must be taught, the battalion can devote less time to swimming instruction than would be afforded with unlimited time and training facilities. In overcoming this handicap the spirit of cooperation found among the Citizen Marines has been commendable.

# RESERVES WON'T SINK (cont.)



Members of the battalion's assault platoon drag themselves from the water after a little practice session of paddling

around the pool in their dungarees and helmet liners. Most of the men dived back into the water to retrieve their liners



Dungaree trousers double as water wings in the hands of a competent swimmer. Combat swimmers in the 5th Infantry Battalion know how to use them properly

They have voluntarily given additional hours of their time, without pay, so that they may receive adequate instruction in Combat Swimming.

The lack of a pool of their own has handicapped the men of the battalion and they have been forced to scrounge







When told to leap, these Citizen Marines obey. Training of this sort pays off when instant obedience means longer life



A helpful heave-ho is provided by several of the Washington Women Reservists. They leave combat swimming to the men

around in search of an available pool. One week their training may be conducted in a pool at a military post in the Washington area; the next week they may train in a pool in one of Washington's exclusive hotels.

In a simulated "Abandon Ship" drill, the Marines leap from a tower, learning how to handle themselves in case they are ever forced to execute the drill under actual conditions. Many of the men who perform so competently in

the swimming sessions had little swimming experience before undergoing the battalion's training.

Fortunately, qualified instructors have been found for the swimming program. Almost 40 per cent of the men in the battalion are qualified Combat Swimmers by virtue of their training during the war. Sergeant Thomas B. Farquhar, other expert swimmers, and veterans of Combat Swimming courses, instruct the remainder of the battalion in proper procedure for abandoning ship, the use of trousers as water wings, and swimming safely through water covered by burning oil.

Everyone hopes this training will never be needed. The thought of leaping from the deck of a sinking ship into black, unfriendly waters does not appeal to a sane man, but training for this emergency is in line with the national policy of preparedness.

For the Reserves, in peace or war, emphasis is placed on combat training. In time of war or national emergency they step forward to swell the ranks of the regular Marine Corps. With that thought in mind Combat Swimming is included with other combat subjects being taught to Washington's Reservists. Although they are the first organization to enjoy training of this sort, other Marine Reserve units will undoubtedly follow in their webbed footsteps.

**END**



The Washington Naval Ammunition Depot lifeguard pulls a turnabout to get WRs attention and fakes distress. The girls obligingly save him from a watery grave



by Sgt. James L. Houle  
USMC

# SOUTH FROM THE SPHINX



Native fishermen in Southern Sudan usually carry two spears—one for fish, the other for people.



The bone-hunting caravan stops for the night in the middle of the Egyptian desert. The Marines with the expedition were experts in motor transport



The author and Dr. R. H. Dennison chart a flight into the desert to look for ruins

## Three Marines drew a fabulous duty assignment —a 4000-mile overland trek through desert Africa to the land of the blood drinkers

**T**HE call was long distance and the connection was bad. All I could hear was some guy asking me if I wanted to go to Africa.

"Sorry. Will you say that once more?"

"Do you want to go to Africa?"

"You think I'm nuts?"

"Yep. Wanta go?"

"Sure."

Since the early Marines fired their muskets from the tops of the *Bonhomme Richard*, the boys in the Corps have been getting around. But our detachment was the first, I think, to attempt the 4000-mile haul overland from Alexandria, Egypt, to Nairobi, Kenya Colony, British East Africa.

The University of California Africa Expedition (in search of old bones) had asked the Marine Corps for technical assistants. The muster roll had three names on it: Major Grammer G. Edwards, USMC, who was Motor Transport Chief; Tech Sergeant Charles D. Evans, USMCR, called in from the Active Reserve to serve as a motion picture photographer; and my name, Master Sergeant James L. Houle. I was to be the mechanic.

It looked like a once-in-a-lifetime assignment—a chance to learn a lot of geography first hand and have a good time doing it; so, early in October, 1947, we reported for duty at Norfolk, Va., and sailed on the Navy tanker *Aucilla* (AC-56). It was a fine trip—

not a single slice of Spam aboard. We learned something on the trip, too. Contrary to popular belief, there is not a Prudential life insurance sign on top of Gibraltar.

Sixteen days and ten inoculations later we disembarked at Alexandria, Egypt, and joined the expedition at Cairo. They were living in an Egyptian government house about 100 yards south of the great pyramid of Cheops and the famous Sphinx. (How those ancient Seabees ever got those big blocks of limestone piled on top of each other is really a mystery.)

Captain George C. Russell of the Army Quartermaster Corps, who was acting as Army observer for the expedition, showed us around. Russell was the only American on the expedition who had been in Egypt before. He had a very impressive and adequate vocabulary of about ten words. The most important word to know in Arabic is "Yalla," which means "Get the hell out of here." An Egyptian beggar will come up to you on the street and say "Backsheesh," which means that he wants some money; then you "Yalla" in a loud voice, and a perfect international understanding is achieved.

The scientists on the expedition were paleontologists and archaeologists. These are fancy names for people who dig up old bones, flint hand axes, buried cities, etc. They were good scientists and surprisingly enough, they

knew a little about driving the six by sixes which the Army loaned to the expedition. There were times, though, when I would have given a month's pay to have a few real Marine truck drivers.

I was responsible for the maintenance of a fleet of trucks and other equipment: four GMC, 2½ ton, 6x6 cargoes (one with a technical body which was later built into a portable dark room); four Dodge 1½ ton, 6x6, and one Chevrolet sedan. The trailers consisted of one trailer, utility, with an 18 foot motor launch; three, one ton cargo; and two water trailers. The prize of them all, was one Stinson L-5 aircraft.

**S**HORTLY after we arrived, the expedition moved to another house at the edge of the Fayium depression, near which the first excavations were to take place. In the depression, there is a lake called Birket el Karun (for the Lake of the Bones), the surface of which is more than 130 feet below sea level. No one has ever figured out why this depression is here and we didn't either. The new house was a little primitive but we rigged up our gasoline generator and refrigerator so we had lights and a place to cool our beer.

There wasn't a single beer joint for miles, not even a USO, so we had to run a sort of pub of our own, setting aside a portion of the space in the QM gasoline-operated refrigerator for our beer. The amount of beer a man can drink after a day in the desert is really amazing. Near the lake was a very nice hotel, known grandly as the Auberge du Lac. Business was very bad at the hotel at the time because of the cholera epidemic, so whenever we showed up, the Italian manager treated us like visiting royalty.

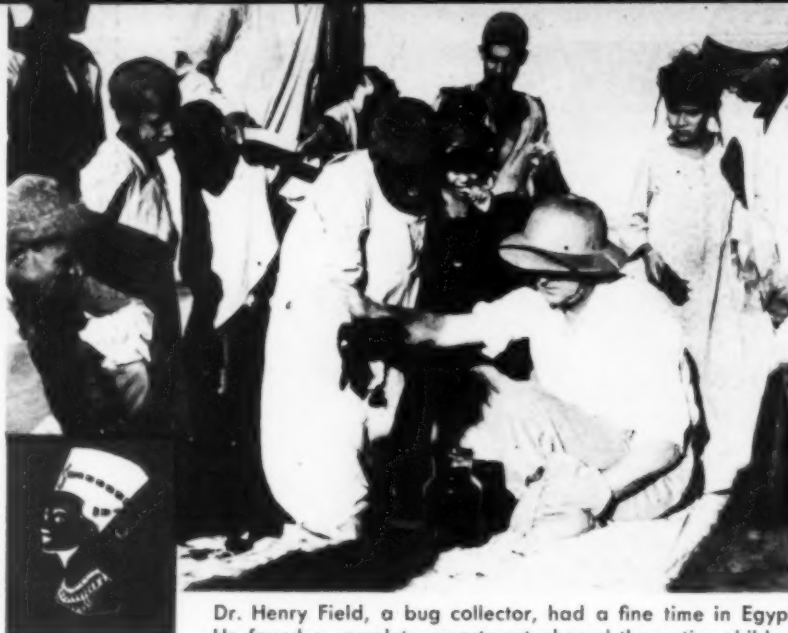


## SOUTH FROM THE SPHINX (cont.)

Since we had our own pub, our main reason for going to the Auberge was to use it as a base for duck hunting expeditions. It was a hunter's paradise and there seemed no limit to the number of ducks flying about. Dave Cohen, of Minneapolis, Minn., the 17 year old scientific assistant on the expedition, furnished a big laugh one Sunday when we took him hunting with us. He had a bad case of buck, or I should say duck fever. With his first shot, he caught a duck in mid-air. He was so excited by this success that he wouldn't wait for the retrievers to go out and pick up his duck for him and he charged into the lake screaming that he would get the-----!" Every time the duck would twitch, Dave would let go another round. When he finally reached the duck, at a point where the water was up to his waist, he found that it had sunk out of sight, probably due to the enormous amount of lead that it had absorbed during Dave's charge. The rest of us had pretty good luck and our bag gave us a pleasant respite from our standard menu, in which "gamoose" (water buffalo) was the usual meat component.

Almost all of the skilled excavation done in Egypt is done by "Goofities" or men from the village of Quofo (Goft). Many of the tombs of the ancient Kings of Egypt are near by, so the Goofities have had plenty of on-the-job training. They are an honest and likeable lot. Some of the Egyptian scientists said that a Goofy could tell by the feel whether his pick had grazed an old pot, a piece of flint, or a bone. We weren't sure whether we should believe this, but of all the specimens we collected in the Faiyum, not one was damaged by the Goofies' picks.

The head Goofie, or Reiss, was a friendly and extremely dignified man



Dr. Henry Field, a bug collector, had a fine time in Egypt. He found a complete assortment aboard the native children

of about 35. He had been in the excavating trade since he was 15 and had worked on the opening of several famous tombs. Occasionally he came into our quarters for an evening chat (pidgin English) and, although he was Moslem, he was not averse to an occasional snort to keep out the chill of the desert night. On one occasion, when handed a C ration tin full of neat brandy, he drained the whole thing in one gulp without batting an eye. It must have had quite an internal effect, however, since he excused himself immediately and rushed out of the room.

**CAPT.** Edwards and Chuck Evans went on one trek out to a place called Zeuglodon Valley. Zeuglodon is the name of a species of whale which once inhabited the ocean that is supposed to have covered the vast desert that is now Egypt. Chuck spent his time taking photographs and hunting for a desert fox which has a muzzle velocity only slightly slower than that of a carbine. He was finally successful (due, no doubt to P.I. training). On one of his hunts he found a little valley strewn with whale skeletons. One perfectly preserved skeleton was measured and found to be 40 feet in length, with vertebrae which were 12 inches in diameter and 18 inches long. This isn't very big compared to some of our

present day whales, but this fellow was over 40 million years old, and in those days they probably didn't know very much about vitamins.

After this trip Chuck did his bit to cement international relations by filming the opening of a sarcophagus by Egyptian archaeologists at Sakkara. The coffin contained the mummified remains of a hawk, supposed to guard the entrance to the pyramid. This pyramid was in the process of being excavated and it was believed to be the granddaddy of all pyramids. The king who was buried in it was known as Snefru, the father of Cheops. It had never, as far as anyone knew, been opened. Visions of vast treasures were in the minds of those that were working on it. Evans was asked to take motion pictures of the opening of the burial chamber, but the expedition had to leave Egypt before it came to light.

On December 28, 1947, the paleontology group, to which I was assigned, left Egypt for Kenya Colony—a distance of 4000 miles overland. Capt. Edwards and Evans stayed behind to bring the remainder of the expedition down at some later date. Our overland trip was the most interesting. Apart from bad roads, the dreary native villages, and the endless expanse of sizzling desert, we had a lot of fun. We visited the Valley of Kings in Luxor, where we saw the tomb of the famous King Tut; and prowled about many other tombs and temples which are all that remain of the great civilization that had made Egypt the greatest country in the ancient world.

We left the cultivated banks of the Nile at Aswan and struck out into the desert, which stretched ahead of us



← Egyptian beggar girl. When beggars yell for "Backsheesh"—say "Yallah!"



for over 600 miles to Khartoum in the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan. This desert trip was one of the toughest I've ever experienced. Miles and miles of nothing!

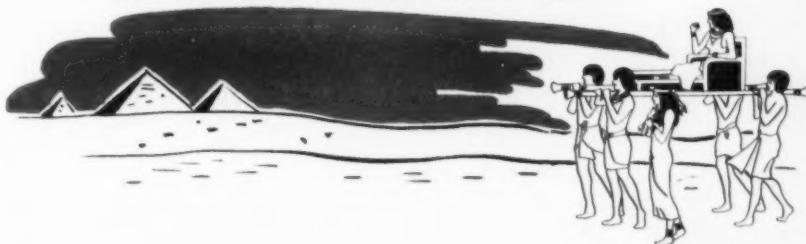
We had a native guide with us, a desert-bred Bedouin. His name was Ali and he knew the desert, he told us, like the rump of a camel. Faithful Ali gave us a false sense of security. After he had got us lost several times, even he started to worry. We had told him that we wouldn't pay him if he got us lost any more. Actually, as it turned out, he knew the route fairly well, but strictly from the hump of a camel. Our trucks were too fast for Ali, and his check points slipped past him before he knew what was going on.

Four days and 600 miles of sand later, we saw the Nile again, and after travelling beside it for a couple of hours, we reached Wadi Halfa, the port of entry into the Sudan. Because of the cholera epidemic which we had left behind us, we were quarantined here for five days. Wadi Halfa was hot, even in January, and it would have been very dull if it hadn't been for some attractive English girls who had been offloaded from an airliner due to a faulty engine. Don't let anyone tell you that the English are not a friendly race.

The second leg of our desert trek, led to the east of the Nile through the great Nubian Desert. The Sudan Desert is, if anything, hotter and drier than the Egyptian desert, but we negotiated it without too much trouble—getting lost once and making a lot of detours to avoid the softest patches of

**In spite of fouled-up native guides, heat, and a beer shortage, the Marines**

**took the bone-hunters to Nairobi**



sand. Four days of this and then Khartoum.

Khartoum, the largest city in the Sudan, is situated at the junction of the Blue and White Niles, although why the rivers are so called, I'll never know. The White Nile is never white, and the Blue Nile is a dirty green—not blue. The Blue Nile causes the famous Nile floods, since its volume when it is in flood, is 17 times what it is at its lowest season. The White Nile is more conservative and merely doubles its volume at flood stage.

After a few days in Khartoum, we left for Rashad, in the Nuba Mountains, the story-book part of Africa. The natives up to this point still dressed in gallabias. (gallabias are a sort of



T/Sgt. C. D. Evans, photographer, had other jobs. Here he skins a Dik-Dik



Duckhunters Edwards, Cohen, Houle, and Evans—tiring of "gamoose" (water buffalo)—change the menu at Kom Oshim

gown, usually white in color, similar to the old-fashioned ankle length night shirt. South of Rashad, they wear nothing at all.)

This is the big game country of the Sudan. We saw a great many giraffe of various species, but the elephant and rhino seemed to be hiding. We saw fresh elephant tracks, however, and were fortunate in seeing a few members of that most dangerous of all game animals, the cape buffalo. If you fly from Bor to Juba—a distance of about 70 miles, you are never out of sight of elephant, but traveling on the ground we didn't see a single one and anyway, in spite of their abundance, they are restricted game. A hunting license for large game, such as elephant and rhino will set you back about \$300.00. It may be worth it, however, as ivory, at the time we were in Sudan was selling for \$4.00 per pound, and a large bull elephant's tusks will easily clear up to 150 pounds each.

## SOUTH FROM THE SPHINX (cont.)

This land of big game is also the land of big people. The Dinka tribes which live in the area are among the tallest of the world's people. The average height of the full grown males appears to be well over six feet, and six foot sixers were common. They are all of the string bean variety—in marked contrast to the broad shoulders and deep chests of the Nuba tribesmen. The Dinka are a swamp people and, in spite of the mosquitoes, constantly walk about in the buff. They invariably carry two spears, one for fish and the other to defend themselves against wild beasts and members of other tribes. Although the British District Commissioners in the Sudan are a capable and conscientious body of men, there are not enough of them to prevent an occasional scrap between members of the different tribes.

At Malakal a Dinka war dance was put on solely for our benefit. We responded by making the tribe a present of an ox and a barrel of native beer. The dancing warriors love to be photographed and some of the "mugging" that went on was ludicrous. Whenever we pointed a camera at one, he would immediately put on his most warlike expression and brandish a seven foot spear in our faces.

Leaving Malakal we traveled over,

I believe, the worst roads in the world. The surface consisted of dried, cracked mud. It made any semblance of speed impossible. After four very bumpy days we reached Juba, a very attractive little place, and the nicest part was the beginning of the well kept road that led all the way to Kenya. We stayed around the hotel four days, resting and enjoying the swimming pool.

WE passed through Uganda, stopping only overnight, and headed for Nairobi through the Rift Valley—a great gash in the earth's surface which extends from Central Africa up through the Red Sea, into the Jordan Valley. On the way we stopped at Naivasha for lunch and were amazed to find a former Marine living there. He was G. G. Whitney, formerly of the Sixth Marine Division, who invited us to stay at his place, a beautiful farm on the shore of Lake Naivasha. It was a good thing, too, that we accepted his hospitality since we found out later that the hotel situation in Nairobi was worse than in D.C. during the war. When we said that we liked hunting, the people around the Lake welcomed us. Their gardens were constantly suffering from the ravages of rampaging hippos and baboons.

When a hippo walks through your garden, he leaves a wide path of destruction, even if he doesn't stop to eat. The baboons had a habit of tucking several ears of corn under their arms

and running like hell—on to the land of a member of the local SPCA, who refused to allow any shooting to take place on his property. Needless to say, this man was about as popular as a cobra.

The Kenya Government lent us a hostel at Njoro, to use as our headquarters and the game was so plentiful that we could shoot one buck per day from our front porch. One of the local dogs a cocker spaniel, liked to show off, and every afternoon he would go into the forest and scare up a buck and chase him through our front yard—sometimes he would only bring up a hare and on those days we would read him off. He couldn't understand this because as far as he was concerned, an animal was an animal. For a while a leopard prowled about our front door every night, but although we set bait and sat up over it, we never were able to catch him. He was finally shot by a woman a few farms away, and our faces were red.

My last scientific trip with the bone hunters was to the shores of Lake Rudolph, one of the deep, fjord-like lakes which are found in the Rift Valley. Lake Rudolph is in the Northern most province of Kenya, Turkhana, and our new camp was located close to the Abyssinian border—as wild and hot a country as I've ever seen. Our scientific work was fairly productive however. We found some fragments of primate jaws, complete with teeth and a six foot (continued on page 56)



Maintenance in the blast furnace heat of the deserts was Houle's headache



Crossing the Sobat River in Southern Sudan is no pleasure cruise for a fleet of trucks. The barge is hand-operated

# The Kansas City CANNONEERS



by Sgt. Harry Polete

Leatherneck Staff Writer

Leatherneck Staff Photos

**I**T WAS mid-June when the "Pride of Kansas City," the 5th 105-mm. Howitzer Battalion, United States Marine Corps Reserve, marched aboard its special troop train. Someday it may be called upon to play this role in earnest but this time it was merely for transportation to Quantico, Va., for two weeks of summer training. The Reserves were on their way to demonstrate their degree of readiness in case of another national emergency, and to absorb more knowledge and field training.

TURN PAGE





During their two-week-stint on the range, the men from Kansas City welded each 105-mm. gun crew into the smooth functioning team that pays off in combat



Pfcs J. F. Baker and R. C. Walker work with aiming circle and range pole



Pfc James Davis, a former merchant seamen, uses a horizontal control board to check the safety margin of fire orders passed to the Fire Direction Center

The trip was pleasant and uneventful. Lieutenant Colonel K. A. Jorgensen reported that it was one of the slickest troop movements he had ever seen. The railroad cars were clean and comfortable and the men orderly. They arrived at Quantico two days later and were immediately transported to one of the Marine Corps Schools' large training areas, Camp Goettge. This camp had been named in honor of the Marine Corps' great football player and outstanding officer, Colonel Frank B. Goettge, who lost his life on an abortive patrol near the Matanikau River on Guadalcanal.

During the first week, most of the training time was devoted to individual instruction. All men fired a familiarization course on the rifle range with their normal weapons. They received many hours schooling in the functioning, techniques and tactics of the Marine Corps' basic artillery weapon—the 105-mm. Howitzer. Spare time was devoted to getting squared away in their new surroundings. By Saturday the Battalion Commander, Major H. L. Oppenheimer, felt the men had earned a liberty.



**Reserves from  
program with a**





Lieutenant Colonel K. A. Jorgensen, I-I officer for the battalion, praised the Reserves when he stated: "they have

responded to all our training so well that I would be happy to have them in my command . . . under combat conditions"

Needless to say, the camp was practically deserted over the week-end.

Many of the men spent time in Washington, D. C. A group of six, headed by the battalion's Sergeant Major, Master Sergeant Vernon T. Finlay, visited for a short time with President Truman. Two of the six Marines had been neighbors of the President when he lived in Independence, Mo. Other men of the battalion spent a busy week-end sight-seeing among the various attractions of the nation's capital.

The 40-piece band, under the leadership of Master Sergeant L. F. Bishop, augmented their liberty by attending the weekly broadcast of the Marine Corps Band on Saturday. Major Santlemann of the Marine Corps Band instructed them on several selections which must be mastered to qualify for the "President's Own Band," with the result that at least two of the Reserve bandsmen thought they might like to try out for the Marine Band.

MSgt. Bishop asserts that he has one of the leading Reserve Bands; it includes oboes and flutes—instruments not generally contained in smaller

bands. His apprenticeship with the Marine Band during his first enlistment makes him an old-time Marine Bandsman.

During the second week of training there was a constant roll of artillery fire on the range. Forward Observers and Gunfire Spotters sharpened up their eyes and began calling more accurate barrages. The gun crews welded into smoothly operating teams and the battery commanders, most of whom had been former infantry officers, ran their batteries with renewed confidence. Much of this increased efficiency was due to the expert instruction and supervision from Regulars of the Tenth Marines from Quantico and Lejeune. The Marine Corps Schools, commanded by Major General Lemuel C. Shepherd, Jr., showed active interest in the training and assigned top artillery officer talent to aid the regular Inspector-Instructor Staff with the field instructions.

The Reserves were appreciative of this aid from the Regulars and praised the patience and skill of the men who helped train them.

Morale was at a high standard among

these Reserves. Every gun crew claimed to be the best in the battalion. Corporal C. O. Carpenter was positive he had the best crew in Charley Battery and offered to prove it the best in the battalion. His crew included: Pfc J. D. Canaday, gunner; Pvt. Arthur P. Morris, assistant gunner; and Pvt. Charles E. Capp, leader. These men were typical of the 5th 105-mm Howitzer Battalion of Marine Reserves.

Like most other Reserve units, 30 to 40 per cent of the men are veterans. These men are from all branches of the armed services, but few have had previous artillery experience. However, when the battalion goes into action it is hard to realize that these men were once in the infantry amtrack units or aviation. They have the assurance of veteran cannoneers.

The rest of the battalion consists of young non-veterans whose exuberant enthusiasm makes up for any lack of skill.

The 5th 105-mm. battalion is over two years old and has completed its second summer training period. The unit is unique in the fact that it claims

TURN PAGE

**the "Show Me" state open the summer training big bang on the artillery ranges at Quantico**



The Kansas Reserves got a taste of things to come in the way of modern troop movement. Thirteen Pullman cars were

required to bring the men to Quantico by railroad. The return trip was accomplished in 15 R5C transport planes



All phases of training were included in the two-weeks training. Billy Tomans the switchboard that connects all three firing batteries with the FDC

the distinction of being the Reserve unit which reached its TO strength in the shortest time after its organization. One of the Regular Marines attached to the battalion called Kansas City a "real Marine town"; it supports the battalion 100 per cent. At least, there were enough interested people to provide a strength of 612 officers and men, with more on the waiting list for a place on the battalion's roll. Fifty Women Reserves are included in the battalion.

The oldest man in the organization, Pfc Henry Parsons, is the remaining member of a one-time father-son combination. Both had been recruited at the same time and both had been Marine veterans. The father first enlisted in the Corps back in 1921 for service in Haiti; while the son, Jack, had served with the air arm of the Marines during World War II. Both were serving with the Communication Section in H&S Battery when the son's job took him west and out of the battalion.



Pfc Wiley Roark and Private Howard Malcolm do a little trouble-shooting while looking for a dead communication line



Setting a fuse is not a difficult task, but one that must be done carefully. Corporal K. E. Duncan knows the right way

For two days, during the last week at Camp Goettge, the Reserves left their comfortable barracks and tried life in the field. According to Lieutenant Colonel R. C. Hiatt, relief for Col. Jorgensen as I-I officer, this was the highlight of the summer training period, and gave the battalion and battery officers actual tactical experience in the fire and displacement of an artillery battalion. Proof that it was hard work was evidenced by the bedraggled men who loaded up their gear at the end of the problem.

Next day they boarded 15 Marine RSCs for the return to Kansas City by air. They had the appearance of men who had acquired new knowledge; the confidence of men who know their jobs. They could return to their armory at 22nd and Oak Street in Kansas City with the knowledge that the 5th Reserve Howitzer 105-mm. Battalion would be ready to support the Marine Corps in any eventuality. **END**



It was a lot of fun while the guns were booming, but now that the training is over, all hands must turn to and give the big howitzers a meticulous cleaning



# Gyrene Gyngles

## The Cross On Iwo Jima

Let him sleep on Iwo Jima,  
Where his gallant comrades lie.  
Set his cross among their crosses,  
Lined against an alien sky.  
Let the waves eternal murmur  
Lisp the love he was denied.  
Carve the Moon with hieroglyphics,  
When they fell, and how they died.  
Carve his niche among the others,  
Write his record in a rune,  
Where his loved ones may translate it,  
Never tarnished, on the Moon.  
Let the stars on Iwo Jima  
Flicker nightly on the brave.  
Each an everlasting taper,  
Honor trims on every grave.

—Anon



## The Crazy Young Marines

First aboard the landing boats,  
Sailors of the sea,  
Armies when they are needed,  
Gallant infantry.  
Fighters like the Air Corps,  
In on all the scenes,  
Leading in all the battles,  
The crazy young Marines.

Landing in the darkness,  
Swimming now and then  
Making islands ready  
To land the Army men.  
When the job is finished  
They kiss the island queens,  
And all shove off together,  
The crazy young Marines.

At pest extermination—  
They're masters of the art.  
They clean out all the rodents  
And tear their nests apart.  
No words we know can cover  
How much they really mean  
In war, thank God Almighty,  
For the crazy Young Marines.

—T. N. Hanson

## A Soldier's Music Is Many Things

It is a soaring bagpipe skirl  
Coming closer to marching men,  
And then so close it pounds  
Into their hearts and blood,  
And then recedes behind them.  
Or the full heroic rhapsody  
Of the resonant brass,  
Strident as a battle cry.

It is an old and deathless song,  
Sung roughly and from deep throats  
By a khaki caterpillar of men  
Undulating through the hills  
With the words of "Tipperary"  
Or a "Long, Long Trail"  
A part of the rhythm of marching  
And good men find joy in the sound  
As good men have before.

It is a cadenza of courage  
And an overture to victory  
That men march with in their hearts.  
It is a thing of reality,  
Linking the harsh urgency of the moment  
With the warm safety of the past.

A thing to cling to,  
A caress of sound when men are  
weary,  
A soldier's music  
Is a thing of promises  
And of wonderful memories.

—(unknown)



## Marine Flyer's Psalm

The Lord is my Pilot, I shall not fear;  
He upholdeth my wings in the heavens;  
He navesateth my soul over the chasm;  
He sustaineth my soul;  
He charteth my course through the  
paths  
Of the rainbows for His names' sake.  
Yea, though I fly through the thunder  
of

War's desolation, I will fear no evil;  
For Thou art near me;  
Thy beam and Thy light, they shall  
direct me.  
Thou preparest a runway for the day  
of my coming;  
Thou settest the wind to my course;  
My hope is secure.  
Surely good fortune shall be with me  
As I make my flight unto the day  
That I shall set down my wings  
To dwell in the field of my Lord for-  
ever.

—Chaplain Robert H. Vitz



## Top Kick Retires

Twenty years a Top Kick  
An' I take retirement today.  
Thirty years in the service  
An' not much of it has been play.

Chateau Thierry and Shanghai,  
Haiti and Tarawa, too.  
Had a special pass to anywhere  
There was a little fightin' to do.

Thirty years of slugging it out  
From the clang of the opening bell.  
Why, I Top Kicked the outfit  
That unhinged the Gates of Hell.

From its sulphurous heat there was no  
retreat  
An' the shindig sure wasn't play,  
But we opened up its brimstone depths  
To the purifying light of day.

Oh I've mixed it up in many a fight  
Where no angel would have trod,  
An' I've lived to retire from the battle's  
light  
By the grace of our titular god.

Twenty years a top kick  
An' now I'm retired it seems,  
From the fightinest outfit on this earth,  
The United States Marines.

—Walter D. (Benny) Bennett



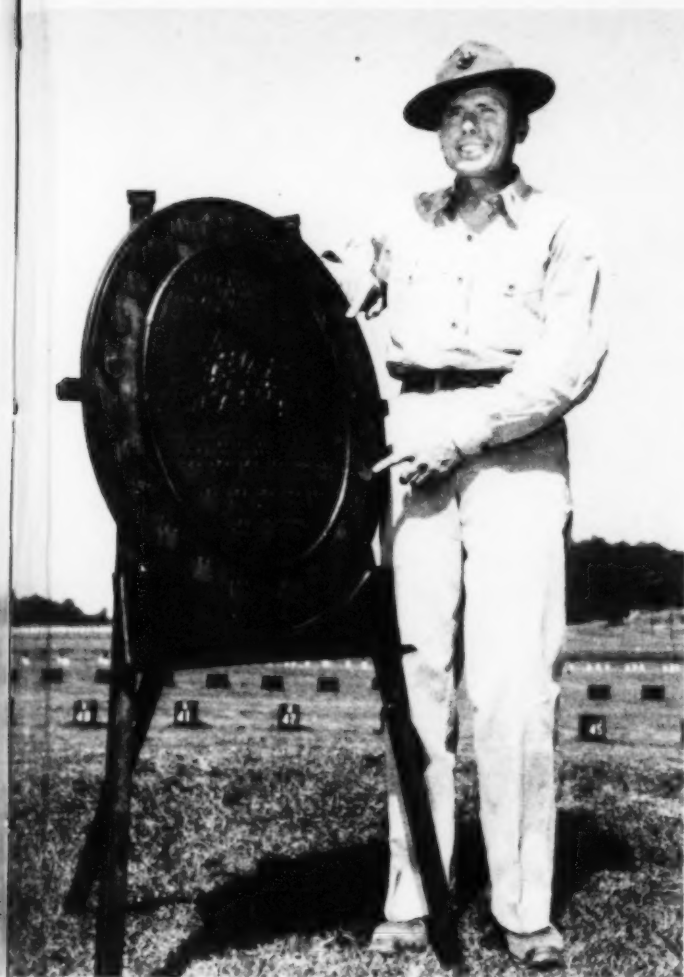
# RIFLE MATCHES '49

Westerners take the individual titles

as Easterners grab team honors

by Sgt. Spencer W. Gartz

Leatherneck Staff Writer



Two-time Lauchheimer winner CWO Mark Billing points to his 1940 and 1949 name plates attached to the big-time trophy

**F**IVE months of hard, steel-nerved shooting practice, plus the shooting of three geographical division matches, were culminated at the Marine Corps Rifle and Pistol Matches, held during the first two weeks of June, at MCS, Quantico, Va.

The Corps Rifle Championship and the David S. McDougal Memorial trophy were won by a comparative unknown, Technical Sergeant Stanley G. Millar, from the First Marine Division. Millar had a first stage 283 and came back the second time over with a 285 for an aggregate 568x600, ten points ahead of the nearest shooter. He took a First Silver in the Western Division Matches with a consistent 279-279, adding up to a 588x600 aggregate—an excellent first match score.

From here on in, as long as Millar walks to the firing line, he will be a marked man. Most match shooters require two or three years to come out into the open. This guy did it in one.

Watch him in ensuing shooting years, he's going to be rough.

The Marine Corps Pistol Championship was won by Warrant Officer Armon J. Sealey, the sly, gray-fox out of MCRD-San Diego. He stayed consistent with a 277-278 for a 555x600 aggregate, nosing out Quantico's Billing by one point.

The Lauchheimer Trophy, awarded annually to the competitor attaining the highest aggregate score with the rifle and pistol in the Marine Corps Competitions, was won by Warrant Officer Mark W. Billing of Quantico. Billing, the hottest shooter in the matches, posted a 556 with the rifle and

TURN PAGE

→  
Newcomer TSgt. Stan Millar took the Individual Rifle Title and the McDougal Memorial Trophy back to Pendleton





An "old" shooter scoring his first major win was San Diego's WO A. J. Sealey who won Individual Pistol Championship



In his first "shoot" since 1940, SSgt. Magnus D. Schone held them close enough to win the Western Division Pistol title

tacked on a 554 with the pistol for a 1110x1200 aggregate.

By the time the second stage at the slow-fire range had been completed, it was evident that the Battle of the Lauchheimer was going to be a hot race right down to the last shot at the rapid-fire range. In fact, it was Sealey's last shot that decided the issue. It was a big, fat 7 at 12 o'clock. We hate to remind him of it. At any rate, had he pulled an 8, he'd have tied Billing for score, but "skinnied" him at rapid-fire for the coveted trophy. But, there

aren't any "IFS" in shooting. After the last shot has reached the butts, there isn't anything left but score, and Billing had that.

Incidentally, this makes Billing a two-time winner of the big, oval shield. Back in 1940, as an upstart Pfc, he broke into the elite circle with an aggregate 1102x1200.

In the team events, MCS, Quantico, won the Elliott Trophy (East Coast teams only) with a four-man aggregate of 1107. MB, Brooklyn, N. Y., was second with 1100, and Headquarters,

Marine Corps, took a third with 1094.

The Inter-Division Team Rifle Match was taken by the Eastern Division with a ten-man aggregate of 2737, as compared to last year's record score of 2811. The Western Division took second place with 2724 and the Southeastern Division came home with 2711.

The Eastern Division also took the Inter-Division Team Pistol Match with a 1368 five-man aggregate. The Western Division tied the 1368 score, but the Eastern Lads "skinnied" them at the rapid fire range for the cup.

The San Diego Team Trophy Match (West Coast & Pacific teams only) was won by the First Marine Brigade No. 1 team with an aggregate 1112, two points better than the second place Brigade No. 2 team. The "No. 2" team came back with a 367 at 600-yards, nine points better than their top squad, but it wasn't enough to offset their lower scores at the earlier ranges. The San Diego MCRD team pulled in third with 1109, three points back of the leaders.

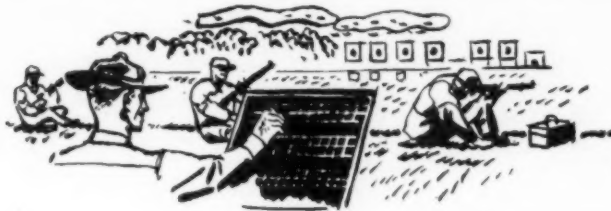
The battles for the various division individual shooting titles were hot. Master Sergeant Clifford G. Tryon, Camp Pendleton, won the Western Division

The Western Division Rifle crown was won by MSgt. Clifford G. Tryon out of Camp Pendleton with a sparkling 566





San Diego Team Trophy went to 1stProvMarBrig No. 1 team. L-R: 1st Lt. Victor F. Brown, MSgt. Ray H. McNeil, TSgt. Francis E. Poodry, Capt. Arthur A. Campton and Maj Gen Leo D. Hermie who presented "the Bear" at Camp Matthews range



George Kross, 1st Lt. of Cherry Point, wrapped up the So'eastern Division Rifle title with a 569. His second stage 291 was highest ever fired

Rifle title with a 566x600, one point ahead of Second Lieutenant Lemoin Cox, San Pedro, Calif.

The pistol title went to Staff Sergeant Magnus Schone, MCRD San Diego, who compiled a 558, a new Western Division Match record, smashing Billing's 546, made in 1948. In second place with a 547 was WO A. Sealey.

The Southeastern Division Rifle Match high-mark also went by the board when First Lieutenant George Kross of Cherry Point hoisted a 569. The old mark of 568 was set by the then Master Sergeant Aaron C. Ivey, who has since been promoted to second lieutenant. TSgt. Maxin R. Beebe, Second Marine Division, also fired a 569, but was "skinnied" by Kross's higher score at the 600-yard line.

Warrant Officer Robert C. McIntyre, 2ndComSerGrp, chalked up a 557 for the So'eastern Pistol championship. Three points behind "Mac" was Master Sergeant Walter E. Fletcher, Parris Island. The division pistol record, held by Technical Sergeant Hawes, Camp Lejeune, is 562.

The Eastern Division Rifle title went to Quantico's First Lieutenant John M. Jagoda, whose 566 was three points ahead of second place winner Pfc Fred Wright, Quantico. The mark was also two points back of Lieutenant Colonel Walter R. Walsh's Eastern Division record of 568, made in the 1947 matches.

For the second straight year the

**TURN PAGE**



So'eastern Division Pistol title went to WO R. C. McIntyre with a very respectable 557



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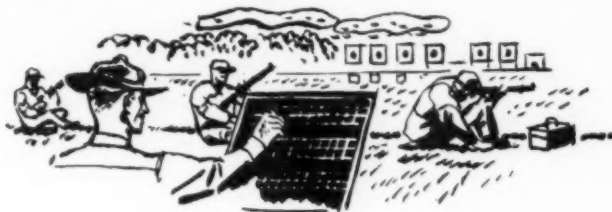
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**TURN PAGE**



So'eastern Division Pistol title went to WO R. C. McIntyre with a very respectable 557

## RIFLE MATCHES '49 (cont)

Eastern Division pistol championship went to Col. Walsh. In racking up the title, he also established a new record of 562, wiping out the 558 mark he set in 1948. Walsh now holds the Eastern record for both rifle and pistol.

The results of the "finals" rifle shoot at Quantico were somewhat disappointing to most of the die-hard followers of the game, most of whom thought that 1949 was the year in which the record would go.

The biggest beef was about the ammo used; most claimed it was a bad lot. Another group maintained the rifles weren't up to the standard (maintenance, etc.) of previous years. What was amiss we do not know; but there was something definitely out of kilter.

A bit of research shows that there were 32 medal winners out of 56 in the Western Pacific Division that fired in the Marine Corps Matches. Of this number only five, or fifteen per cent, increased their score in the Marine Corps

Matches. The average increase was four points.

The other 27 shooters failed to come up to the scores they fired in the Western, and their average decrease was 17.7 points. One dropped as many as 46 points, others 36, 31, 28 and on down to only two.

Other Division medal winners showed a similar drop, but not so high a percentage.

Another argument. This year there

was only one score in the "560s," that was Millar's 568. There were only 20 scores 550 or over, and 14 from 545 to 549, low bronze going for 545. In 1948 there were ten scores of 560 or over, 41 of 550 or over; a total of 51 as compared to this year's 34. In addition, low bronze went for 550 in 1948—14 places higher than the low medal for this year. Whatever it is—LET'S GET IT FIXED!

One of the things a person likes to

Former Commandant Holcomb presents 1stLt. John M. Jagoda with a medal for winning the Eastern Division rifle title



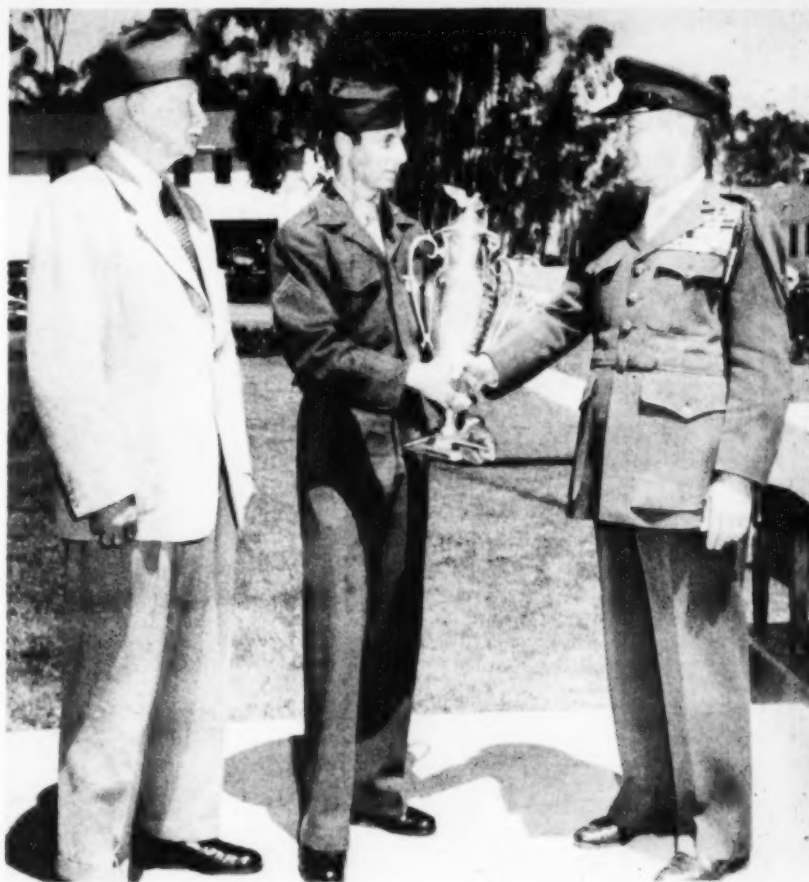
Veteran pistoleer LtCol. Walter R. Walsh set a new mark of 562 in winning Eastern Division Pistol title



MajGen. L. C. Shepherd, Jr., presents the Elliott Team Trophy to LtCol. William F. Prickett, team captain of MCS, Quantico, winners

see at the Matches each year is the lads who need "only one more leg" for Distinguished, come through with the pressure on, and get the coveted award. This year, three El Toro shooters, Master Sergeant Edward J. Scott, Captain Robert L. Dickey and Master Sergeant Charles O. Newton got 1st, 6th and 12th Bronze respectively at the Western Division, giving them their second legs. Then, needing only one more apiece, they came through in the Marine Corps Rifle Matches in exactly the reverse order, Newton, Dickey and Scott, for 3rd, 4th and 5th Bronze. Capt. Dickey, by the way got his first "leg" in 1929, exactly 20 years before, and never had the opportunity to shoot again in any matches until this year, when he bagged the two other legs needed. Is there a harder way of getting a Distinguished Badge?

Again one heard the yearly plaint of the "older" shooters, once more threatening to quit; "this is the last year, by Gad, etc." Loudest of the lot was MSgt. W. Fletcher, holder of the Lauchheimer record of 1114, who maintains the other shooters have seen the last of him at the matches. He's being transferred to the 13th Reserve District for duty; that's only about an hour's ride from Camp Wesley Harris, one of the better rifle and pistol ranges in the Marine Corps. Five will get you six that the portly "Fletch" will be there next year when the targets come up.



MajGen. D. C. McDougal (Retd) looks on as MajGen. L. D. Hermle presents the Van Dyke "Tyro" Trophy to Pfc Johnnie Edgar, 1stMarDiv. Edgar fired 558



Marine Barracks, Great Lakes, receives the Wirgman Trophy from Col R. O. Bare. The "Lakers" came through with 1076



Pfc Francis H. Killeen, MB, NYd, Phila., Pa., laid aside his rifle to take over the entertainment after the matches



# RIFLE MATCHES '49 (cont)

## LAUCHHEIMER TROPHY COMPETITION

	Rifle	Pistol	Agg. Score
Winner—BILLING, Mark W., CWO.....	536	554	1110
MCS—Quantico, Va.			
2nd Place—SEALEY, Armon J., WO.....	534	555	1109
MCRD—San Diego, Calif.			
3rd Place—DEVINE, Walter L., Tsgt.....	535	547	1102
MCRD—Parris Island, S. C.			

## INTER-DIVISION RIFLE TEAM MATCH EASTERN DIVISION (WINNER)

	200S	200R	300R	500S	600S	Total
WRIGHT, Fred, Pfc. Jr.....	46	47	48	49	50	278
BILLING, Mark H., CWO.....	47	48	49	50	51	285
FREEMAN, Frank D., MSgt.....	42	43	44	45	46	260
WARD, John A., MSgt.....	42	43	44	45	46	260
HURT, George H., Cpl.....	44	45	46	47	48	270
JONES, John G., SSgt.....	44	45	46	47	48	270
JAGODA, John M., 1stLt.....	46	47	48	49	50	280
JAGIELLO, Joseph A., SSgt.....	48	49	50	51	52	290
NELSON, Olaf C., MSgt.....	45	46	47	48	49	262
PERNA, Vito, MSgt. (n).....	45	46	47	48	49	262
						2736

2nd place—Western Division—2724  
3rd place—S. E. Division  
4th place—Pacific Division

## INTER-DIVISION PISTOL TEAM MATCH EASTERN DIVISION (WINNER)

	50S	50TF	50RF	Agg.
JAGODA, John M., 1stLt.....	90	91	92	273
JAGIELLO, Joseph A., SSgt.....	86	87	88	261
MITCHELL, Thomas R., MSgt.....	83	84	85	252
JONES, John G., SSgt.....	85	86	87	258
BILLING, Mark CWO.....	91	92	93	276
				1368

2nd place—Western Division (458) 1358  
3rd place—S. E. Division  
4th place—Pacific Division

## Southeastern Division Rifle Matches Camp Lejeune, North Carolina

Standing	Name & Rank	Organization	Agg. Score	Medal
1.	KROSS, George 1stLt.	MCAS-Cherry Point	569	Dist.
2.	BEKER, Maxin R. Tsgt.	2ndMarDiv	569	Dist.
3.	JOHNSON, Irvin W. Tsgt.	MCRD-Parris Island	564	1st Gold
4.	MARSHALL, Joe K. Tsgt.	MCRD-Parris Island	562	Dist.
5.	CLEGGHORN, Harold WO.	2ndMarDiv	559	Gold
6.	NIELSON, Raymond Sgt.	2ndMarDiv	559	2nd Gold
7.	FLETCHER, Walter E. MSgt.	MCRD-Parris Island	556	3rd Gold
8.	McREE, John R. CWO.	MCRD-Parris Island	556	Silver
9.	DEVINE, Walter L. Tsgt.	MCRD-Parris Island	554	Dist.
10.	OHINA, Milton S. SSgt.	MCRD-Parris Island	554	1st Silver
11.	MUCHA, Joseph F. Pfc.	MCAS-Cherry Point	553	2nd Silver
12.	NELSON, Robert L. Pfc.	2ndMarDiv	553	3rd Silver
13.	WELTON, John C. Jr. Cpl.	MB-Balboa, C. E.	552	4th Silver
14.	DRISCOLL, Thomas J. Cpl.	MCRD-Parris Island	552	5th Silver
15.	HAMON, Eugene L. Capt.	2ndMarDiv	552	Bronze
16.	HAFER, Floyd D. SSgt.	MCRD-Parris Island	552	Dist.
17.	WALKER, Earl Pfc.	MB-Balboa, C. E.	551	1st Bronze
18.	IVEY, Aaron C. 2ndLt.	MB-Camp Lejeune	551	Bronze
19.	OWENS, Morris C. Tsgt.	2ndMarDiv	550	2nd Bronze
20.	BUTLER, Clinton R. WO.	2ndMarDiv	550	Bronze
21.	GOOD, Medford D. WO.	MB-Balboa, C. E.	550	Bronze
22.	LONG, Wellington B. Jr. Tsgt.	2ndComSerGrp	550	3rd Bronze
23.	JOHNSON, Lathan Tsgt.	MB-Camp Lejeune	549	4th Bronze
24.	LANUTTO, Emil L. 1stLt.	Avn. PnPlant	548	Bronze
25.	KANAVEL, Jack H., U.S. Navy	MB-Camp Lejeune	548	5th Bronze
26.	BARRIE, Raymond L. Jr. Tsgt.	MCAS-Cherry Point	548	6th Bronze
27.	LECK, Basil D. MSgt.	Avn. PnPlant	548	7th Bronze
28.	WALKER, Charles H. SSgt.	1stAABN	547	Dist.
29.	ANDERSON, Gail E. WO.	2ndComSerGrp	547	1st Silver
30.	JORDAN, William G. Capt.	USMC	547	2nd Silver
31.	OLIVE, Donald C. Capt.	USMC	547	3rd Silver
32.	DAVISON, George Capt.	2ndComSerGrp	546	4th Silver
33.	CROSS, James J. SSgt.	2ndComSerGrp	545	5th Silver
34.	STERITI, Angelo A. MSgt.	2ndComSerGrp	545	6th Silver
35.	PIETROFORTE, Michael Sgt.	2ndMarDiv	545	7th Silver
36.	WITCH, Elmer M. Jr. Cpl.	MB, NAS, Pensacola	545	8th Silver

## Western Division Rifle Matches (Marine Corps Recruit Depot, San Diego, California)

Standing	Name & Rank	Organization	Agg. Score	Medal
1.	TRYON, Clifford G. MSgt.	Camp Pendleton	568	1st Gold
2.	COX, LeMoin 2ndLt. (n)	San Pedro	568	Gold
3.	YORK, Howard A. Maj.	MAW, El Toro	564	Dist.
4.	HILLIS, Warren W. Tsgt.	1stComSerGrp	563	2nd Gold
5.	CLARK, Norman R. MSgt.	1stComSerGrp	562	Dist.
6.	SCHONE, Magnus D., SSgt.	MCRD-San Diego	562	3rd Gold
7.	LUKACENA, Andrew Cpl.	Central Pac No. 1	559	4th Gold
8.	JORDON, William L. Jr. MSgt.	MCRD-San Diego	559	Dist.
9.	MILLAR, Stanley G. Tsgt.	1stMarDiv	558	1st Silver
10.	EDGAR, Johnnie Pfc. (n)	1stMarDiv	558	2nd Silver
11.	WITKOWSKI, Henry J. 2ndLt.	1stMarDiv	557	3rd Silver
12.	RODEHEFFER, Noah J. LtCol.	Hawaiian Area	557	Dist.
13.	SCHNASE, Ronald G. Pfc.	1stMarDiv	557	3rd Silver
14.	HURTIG, Marlow B. MSgt.	Harlow	556	4th Silver
15.	SAWYER, Leslie D. WO.	MCRD-San Diego	556	Silver
16.	LAWRENCE, Aldwin B. MSgt.	Harlow	555	Dist.
17.	BLANCHARD, Rolfe P. Capt.	MAW-El Toro	554	Silver
18.	PARNHAM, Edwin D. Jr. Cpl.	San Pedro	554	5th Silver
19.	THORNE, Donald D. Cpl.	MCRD-San Diego	554	6th Silver
20.	GERHARDT, Charles H., WO.	San Francisco	554	Silver
21.	HOYT, William C. Jr. MSgt.	MAW-El Toro	554	Dist.
22.	KLEZEY, Frank R. SSgt.	San Pedro	554	7th Silver
23.	BARTETT, Harold A. MSgt.	1stMarDiv	554	Dist.
24.	BERGMANN, Ferdinand J. WO.	1stMarDiv	553	8th Silver
25.	McCARVER, William L. Pfc.	Harlow	553	Bronze
26.	SLAAN, Clyde 1stLt. (n)	Harlow	553	Bronze
27.	HEWITT, William G. Cpl.	Camp Pendleton	553	1st Bronze
28.	LOWE, Robert W. Capt.	Hawaiian Area	553	Bronze
29.	SCOTT, Edward J. MSgt.	MAW-El Toro	553	2nd Bronze
30.	TAYLOR, Harold E. Tsgt.	1stMarDiv	553	Dist.
31.	SEALEY, Armon J. WO.	MCRD-San Diego	553	Dist.
32.	SHELEY, Charles D. Sgt.	Bremerton, Wash.	552	3rd Bronze
33.	KELLY, John L. Capt.	San Pedro	552	Bronze
34.	DILLBERG, Warren J. 1stLt.	MAW-El Toro	552	Bronze
35.	RIHM, Francis E. WO.	San Francisco	552	Bronze
36.	KNAPP, Charles R. Sgt.	Camp Pendleton	552	4th Bronze
37.	ANDERSON, Eugene D. WO.	1stMarDiv	552	Bronze
38.	McKINLEY, William L. Pfc.	San Pedro	551	5th Bronze
39.	MUCKLEBRO, Reginald MSgt.	MCRD-San Diego	550	Dist.
40.	BRASHEAR, O'Bryan Cpl.	Hawaiian Area	550	6th Bronze
41.	DUKEY, Robt. L. Capt.	MAW-El Toro	550	Bronze
42.	BOOTH, Gilbert J. Cpl.	MCRD-San Diego	550	1st Bronze
43.	CUNEO, John K. 1stLt.	1stMarDiv	550	Bronze
44.	KINNEY, Robert H. Pfc.	1stComSerGrp	549	8th Bronze
45.	GRAVES, Guy C. SSgt.	1stMarDiv	549	9th Bronze
46.	DYKES, William J. Jr. SSgt.	Hawaiian Area	549	Dist.
47.	ROTT, James J. Capt.	Pacific Fleet	548	Bronze
48.	BISHOP, James A. Jr. Tsgt.	Harlow	548	10th Bronze
49.	NEWTON, Charles O. MSgt.	MAW-El Toro	548	11th Bronze
50.	DI'GAN, John W. 2ndLt.	MCRD-San Diego	548	Bronze
51.	EDWARDS, Fred J. MSgt.	Hawaiian Area	548	12th Bronze
52.	LOCKE, Alvin J. Pfc.	MAW-El Toro	547	13th Bronze
53.	CARD, Horace W. Col.	USMC	547	Bronze
54.	McPHERSON, Gordon B. 1stLt.	1stMarDiv	547	Bronze
55.	LEE, Robert B. Cpl.	1stMarDiv	547	14th Bronze

## Southeastern Division Pistol Matches Camp Lejeune, North Carolina

Standing	Name & Rank	Organization	Agg. Score	Medal
1.	McINTYRE, Robert C. WO.	2ndComSerGrp	857	Dist.
2.	FLETCHER, Walter E. MSgt.	MCRD-Parris Island	854	Dist.
3.	NIELSON, Raymond Sgt.	2ndMarDiv	850	Gold
4.	DEVINE, Walter L. Tsgt.	MCRD-Parris Island	849	Dist.
5.	BEKER, Maxin R. Tsgt.	2ndMarDiv	841	Dist.
6.	SEESER, Edward V. MSgt.	MCRD-Parris Island	839	Dist.
7.	CLEGGHORN, Harold WO.	2ndMarDiv	834	Dist.
8.	FOWLER, John A. Tsgt.	2ndMarDiv	834	1st Silver
9.	FOWLER, George T. LtCol.	2ndMarDiv	834	Dist.
10.	JOHNSON, Lathan Tsgt.	MB-Camp Lejeune	832	2nd Silver
11.	KROSS, George 1stLt.	MCAS-Cherry Point	831	Dist.
12.	HAWES, Percy W. Tsgt.	2ndMarDiv	829	Dist.
13.	HEINA, Donald R. Cpl.	2ndMarDiv	827	3rd Silver
14.	HAFER, Floyd D. SSgt.	MCRD-Parris Island	826	1st Bronze
15.	JOHNSON, Irvin W. Tsgt.	MCRD-Parris Island	824	2nd Bronze
16.	HAMON, Eugene L. Capt.	2ndMarDiv	824	Bronze
17.	REDMOND, Almon J. SSgt.	2ndMarDiv	823	2nd Bronze
18.	WALKER, Charles H. SSgt.	1stAABN	821	3rd Bronze
19.	BRITTMAN, Herman A. MSgt.	2ndComSerGrp	820	4th Bronze
20.	STERITI, Angelo A. MSgt.	2ndComSerGrp	819	5th Bronze
21.	RENFROE, Amer C. MSgt.	MCAS-Cherry Point	817	6th Bronze



## Western Division Pistol Matches (Marine Corps Recruit Depot, San Diego, California)

Standing	Name & Rank	Organization	Agg. Score	Medal
1.	SCHONE, Magnus D. SSgt.	MCRD-San Diego	558	1st Gold
2.	SEALEY, Armon J. WO.	MCRD-San Diego	547	Dist.
3.	JORDON, William L. MSgt.	MCRD-San Diego	544	2nd Gold
4.	DYNES, William J. Jr. SSgt.	Hawaiian Area	542	1st Silver
5.	TERRELLA, Ruddy S. WO.	1stMarBrig	539	Silver
6.	CLARK, Norman E. MSgt.	1stComSerGrp	538	Dist.
7.	WILEY, Charles J. MSgt.	MCAS-EI Toro	536	Dist.
8.	KNAPI, Charles R. Sgt.	Camp Pendleton	536	2nd Silver
9.	GRAVES, Guy C. SSgt.	1stMarDiv	534	Dist.
10.	BECKE, Walter H. CWO.	4thComSerGrp	534	Dist.
11.	BROWN, Victor F. 1stLt.	1stMarBrig	534	Dist.
12.	DE LA HUNT, B. O. MSgt.	MCRD-San Diego	532	Dist.
13.	RODEHEFFER, Noah J. LtCol.	Hawaiian Area	531	Dist.
14.	HOYT, William C. Jr. MSgt.	MAW-EI Toro	531	3rd Silver
15.	TRYON, Clifford G. MSgt.	Camp Pendleton	530	4th Silver
16.	JENNINGS, Johnny Maj. (n)	1stMarDiv	530	Bronze
17.	YORK, HOWARD A. Maj.	MAW-EI Toro	529	Bronze
18.	TAYLOR, Harold E. TSgt.	1stMarDiv	529	Dist.
19.	POODRY, Francis E. TSgt.	1stMarBrig	525	1st Bronze
20.	BARRETT, Harold A. MSgt.	1stMarBrig	523	Dist.
21.	SNYDER, John R. MSgt.	San Pedro	521	2nd Bronze
22.	HOHN, Lewis A. Col.	MCRD-San Diego	521	Dist.
23.	JONES, Robert O. TSgt.	MCRD-San Diego	520	3rd Bronze
24.	MARTIN, Robert E. TSgt.	1stMarDiv	518	4th Bronze
25.	BECKER, Raymond R. TSgt.	1stComSerGrp	518	Dist.
26.	CARD, Horace W. Col.	USMCB	518	Bronze
27.	PARKS, Robert L. MSgt.	MAW-EI Toro	515	5th Bronze
28.	REYNOLDS, Walter A. MSgt.	MCPD-San Diego	515	Bronze
29.	KELLY, John L. Capt.	San Pedro	515	Bronze
30.	WRIGHT, Frank O. Cpl.	Hawaiian Area	515	6th Bronze
31.	DORSEY, James W. CWO.	Dist.	512	Bronze
32.	HAMILTON, Edward B. Jr. WO.	Hawaiian Area	512	Bronze
33.	WOJEWSKI, Thomas TSgt. (n)	MCRD-San Diego	511	7th Bronze
34.	HURTIG, Marlow B. MSgt.	Hardow	510	8th Bronze
35.	KEOWN, Donald E. WO.	1stMarBrig	510	Dist.

## Results of Marine Corps Rifle Competition

Standing	Name & Rank	Organization	Agg. Score	Medal
1.	MILLAR, Stanley G. TSgt.	1stMarDiv	568	1st Gold
2.	WARD, John A. MSgt.	MCN-Quantico, Va.	558	Dist.
3.	TAYLOR, Harold E. TSgt.	1stMarDiv	558	Score
4.	PIETROFORTE, M. (n) Sgt.	2ndMarDiv	558	2nd Gold
5.	BILLING, Mark W. CWO.	BRSec, MCB, Quantico	556	Djst.
6.	DEVINE, Walter L. TSgt.	MCRep, Parris Island	555	Score
7.	KNAPP, Charles R. Sgt.	MB-Camp Pendleton	555	1st Silver
8.	SEALEY, Armon J. WO.	MCRD, San Diego	554	Dist.
9.	NELSON, Olaf C. MSgt.	RRSec, MCB, Quantico	554	Dist.
10.	HILLIS, Warren W. TSgt.	1stComSerGrp	552	2nd Silver
11.	MARSHALL, Joe K. TSgt.	MCRD, Parris Island	552	Dist.
12.	BOITNOTT, John E. Sgt.	MB, Br'lyn Navy Yard	552	3rd Silver
13.	HURT, George H.	BRSec, MCB, Quantico	551	Score
14.	PERNA, Vito (n) MSgt.	MCN, Quantico	551	Dist.
15.	BOTT, James J. Capt.	USS Valley Forge	551	Silver
16.	SCHONE, Magnus D. SSgt.	MCRD, San Diego	551	Score
17.	WRIGHT, Fred (n) Jr. Pfc.	BRSec, MCB, Quantico	550	1st Bronze
18.	MCPHERSON, G. B. 1stLt.	FMIAW	550	Bronze
19.	FREEMAN, Frank O. MSgt.	MB, Br'lyn Navy Yard	550	2nd Bronze
20.	NEWTON, Charles O. MSgt.	1stMarDiv	549	3rd Bronze
21.	WITOWSKI, Henry J. 2ndLt.	1stMarDiv	549	Bronze
22.	MITCHELL, Thomas R.	MCN, Quantico	549	Dist.
23.	JONES, John G. SSgt.	MCN, Quantico	549	Dist.
24.	MCKEY, Robert L. Capt.	FMIAW	548	Bronze
25.	BAIRIE, Raymond L. TSgt.	MCAS, Cherry Point	548	4th Bronze
26.	HARVEY, Osborne C. Cpl.	MB, NB, Norfolk	547	Score Only
27.	KILLOUGH, James R. TSgt.	MCN, Quantico	546	Dist.
28.	JAGIELLO, Joseph A. SSgt.	MCN, Quantico	546	Dist.
29.	SCOTT, Edward J. MSgt.	FMIAW	546	5th Bronze
30.	SHULEY, Charles D. Sgt.	MB, Bremerton, Wash.	546	6th Bronze
31.	KROSS, George (n) 1stLt.	MCAS, Cherry Point	546	Dist.
32.	VOX, LeMoine (n) 2ndLt.	Terminal Island	546	Bronze
33.	ANDERSON, Eugene D. WO.	1stMarDiv	546	1st Bronze
34.	LAYO, Rudolph M. Pfc.	MB, USNS, Annapolis	545	7th Bronze

## San Diego Trophy Team Match 1stProvMarBrig., Guam (Winner)

	200S	200R	300R	500S	600S	Total
McNEIL, Ray H. MSgt.	45	47	47	49	88	276
COMPTON, Arthur A. Capt.	48	46	47	48	95	282
POODRY, Francis E. TSgt.	47	49	47	48	94	285
BROWN, Victor F. 1stLt.	47	48	46	49	81	269
TAYLOR, Joe P. TSgt.	ALTERNATE					

1112

\*(Team Capt.)  
†(Team Coach)

2nd Place—1stProvMarBrig "B" Team—1110  
3rd Place—MCRD-San Diego —1109

## Elliott Trophy Team Match MCS, Quantico, Va. (Winner)

	200S	200R	300R	500S	600S	Total
WRIGHT, Fred (n) Jr. Pfc.	49	48	45	45	95	273
BILLING, Mark W. CWO.	47	48	47	49	85	282
WARD, John A. MSgt.	44	48	47	44	90	273
JONES, John G. SSgt.	47	46	47	48	91	279

1107

2nd Place—MB, NYd, Brooklyn, N. Y.  
3rd Place—Headquarters, Marine Corps

## Wirgman Team Trophy Match MB, NTC, Great Lakes, Ill. (Winner)

	200S	200R	300S	500S	600S	Total
LUCK, Stanley R. Sgt.	44	46	44	48	82	274
WOOD, Paul A. 1stLt.	44	45	42	48	85	264
WALKER, William R. Cpl.	43	46	42	48	91	270
WEHINGER, Edwin E. TSgt.	45	44	46	47	86	268

1676

2nd Place—MC DetS, Phila., Pa.—1070  
3rd Place—MB, Annapolis, Md. —1045



## Results of The Marine Corps Pistol Competition

Standing	Name & Rank	Organization	Agg. Score	Medal
1.	SEALEY, Armon J. WO.	MCRD, San Diego	555	Dist.
2.	BILLING, Mark W. CWO.	MCN, Quantico	554	Dist.
3.	JAGODA, John M. 1stLt.	22d Marine, Quantico	553	Dist.
4.	McINTYRE, Robert C. WO.	2dComSerGrp	551	Dist.
5.	MITCHELL, Thomas R. MSgt.	MCN, Quantico	550	Dist.
6.	SCHONE, Magnus D. SSgt.	MCRD, San Diego	549	1st Gold
7.	RODEHEFFER, Noah J. LtCol.	Pacific Division	549	Dist.
8.	DEVINE, Walter L. TSgt.	Parris Island, S. C.	547	Dist.
9.	JAGIELLO, Joseph A. SSgt.	MCN, Quantico	547	Dist.
10.	BROWN, Victor F. 1stLt.	1stMarDiv	544	Dist.
11.	PLETCHER, Walter E. MSgt.	Parris Island, S. C.	541	Dist.
12.	HARDY, James C. MSgt.	MCN, Quantico	540	1st Silver
13.	FREEMAN, Frank O. MSgt.	MB, Brooklyn, N. Y.	539	Dist.
14.	JONES, John G. SSgt.	MCN, Quantico	539	Dist.
15.	MCPHERSON, Gordon B. 1stLt.	1stMarDiv	538	Score
16.	KNAPP, Charles R. Sgt.	MB, Camp Pendleton	537	2d Score
17.	BRANNOCK, Avant M. MSgt.	MCN, Quantico	537	Dist.
18.	HAGAN, Ralph H. MSgt.	MCN, Quantico	536	1st Bronze
19.	REDMOND, Alvan J. SSgt.	2ndMarDiv	536	2d Bronze
20.	JORDAN, William L. MSgt.	MCRD, San Diego	535	Dist.
21.	GRAVES, Guy C. SSgt.	1stMarDiv	535	Dist.
22.	NELSON, Olaf C. MSgt.	MCN, Quantico	533	Dist.
23.	WILEY, Charles J. MSgt.	MCAS-EI Toro	532	Dist.
24.	HOYT, William C. Jr. MSgt.	MAW-EI Toro	531	Dist.
25.	NIHART, Franklin B. Maj.	Quantico	530	Dist.
26.	FOWLER, John A. TSgt.	2ndMarDiv	529	Dist.
27.	BECKER, Raymond R. TSgt.	1stComSerGrp	529	Dist.
28.	PERNA, Vito MSgt.	Quantico	529	Dist.
29.	PUNK, Glen C. LtCol.	HQMC	529	Bronze
30.	WHITAKER, Earl W. CWO.	MB, Brooklyn	529	Bronze
31.	CLEGHORN, Harold WO.	2ndMarDiv	527	Dist.
32.	NELSON, Raymond Sgt.	2ndMarDiv	527	3rd Bronze
33.	BULLOCK, Harry F. MSgt.	MCAS Quantico	527	4th Bronze
34.	McMILLAN, William W. Cpl.	MB Brooklyn	526	5th Bronze

## POSTS OF THE CORPS

# KODIAK

by Lindley S. Allen

Photos by Sgt. Frank Few

Leatherneck Staff Photographer

**"W**ILLIWAW Willy" Wilhite, patrol driver for the Marine Barracks, Naval Operating Base, Kodiak, Alaska, is on duty 24 hours a day, seven days a week. He's not being punished for any infraction of "Rocks and Shoals." This is SOP for the 95 men in the Marine guard on this bleak, mountainous "Rock"—Alaska's largest island.

Kodiak Marines stand the usual day on, day off guard, but even when they are not actually on watch, it's part of their duty to place on report, civilian or service people whom they see violating station regulations. The Kodiak Naval Operating Base and Air Station has a large number of workers and their families living within the boundaries of this big reservation. The Marine guard,

like village constables, may be called upon to quell disturbances among these civil service employees. In case of serious trouble, it is sometimes necessary for the Marines to hold a civilian in their brig overnight.

It's a big job calling for a considerable degree of tact and diplomacy. But Kodiak Marines believe they are capable of handling any situation which might arise at NOB and with a minimum amount of difficulty. Aside from their regular police and security assignments, the Kodiak guard also acts as the station's game wardens and makes arrests for infractions of the territorial hunting and fishing laws. One Marine has the unique job of patrolling the reservation for stray dogs. He's probably the Corps' only dog-catcher.



When the weather permits, guard mount is held in front of the barracks. The parkas are worn only during williwaw weather, when temperatures drop to zero



## The Kodiak Marines spend their spare time hunting and fishing in this paradise for sportsmen



Villages like this once dotted the States and grew into large cities. Kodiak is one of the world's last frontier towns.

Most of the others are also in Alaska. Rich sportsmen from the States visit the town for the hunting and fishing season

Marines are not newcomers to the Alaskan area, in fact, they came to the country several years before the famed gold rush of '98. The Marines' initial assignment in the territory started in 1891 when the Navy dispatched a squadron to Alaskan waters to protect the fast-diminishing herds of seals from extermination at the hands of Russian and Japanese poachers. For many years, the Corps maintained a small detachment at Sitka, but it was finally disbanded in 1915.

Marines enjoy the distinction of being the first military organization ever to be permanently based on Kodiak. A 28-man detachment, commanded by First Lieutenant Stephen V. Sabol, arrived on the island early in 1939. At that time construction of a new naval base was just getting underway and the Marines settled down to their time-honored routine of base security. It wasn't until 1941 that this tiny detachment was reinforced by a sizeable influx of naval personnel.

One member of the present Kodiak guard—Technical Sergeant Earl Hess—can speak with familiarity about the old days when Marines were the only uniformed men on the island. Hess was a private, just out of boot camp, when he reported here for duty in

1940. "In those days," he recalled, "there was no such thing as a motor patrol. We walked post armed with '03s and I guess you know there was no dopin' off. We couldn't afford to. Kodiak bears used to wander about the reservation at night. If you wanted to stay healthy during your four-hour watch, you had to keep on the move, with your eyes open."

Hess began his second tour of duty on the island in 1946. He was paid off here and for three months worked for the Navy as a civilian mechanic. Then he "saw the light" as he put it, shipped back in, and has been servicing the guard's vehicles ever since. "Best station in the Corps," says Hess.

What's the attraction on this stormy, tempestuous island? What makes old Kodiak Marines request re-assignment here? Here's the answer: the island's a veritable sportsman's paradise. Aside from the fierce Alaskan Brown Bear, which gets bigger on Kodiak than any place on the mainland, the island abounds with all types of game and wild life. There are reindeer, elk, red and silver fox, and ptarmigan, a game bird similar to quail. One Marine sergeant has already bagged three bears, a record that even a hard-bitten old sourdough would boast about.

The island's many streams and lakes teem with fish. There are steelhead and Dolly Varden trout, and each spring endless schools of salmon make runs upstream to lay their eggs. Kodiak's Karluck River has won national fame for its red salmon fishing. In fact, fishing is one of the leading industries here, and there are 19 canneries on the island.

As one Marine described it: "When you go fishin' you gotta have two poles and a helper. You bait both lines and toss 'em in together. Your assistant stands behind you, and as fast as you can pull a fish in, he unhooks it and puts on fresh bait. Meanwhile you're already pullin' in another fish with your other pole. If you don't believe that just try it sometime."

Though few Marines stationed on Kodiak would admit it, there is some magnificent scenery on this island. Kodiak is 100 miles long and 60 miles wide, but its shores are so deeply indented with bays and harbors that no point on the island is more than 18 miles from salt-water. The terrain is all rugged, the island covered by steep mountains which slope down to the water's edge.

Much of the soil is topped with a black volcanic ash, the result of a



disastrous volcano which threw hot lava over most of Kodiak in 1913. Vegetation in the main consists of evergreen spruce trees and a few cottonwoods. But in the spring everything turns into a beautiful verdant green. It's then that wild flowers bloom on the mountain sides and the fireweed, wild iris, hyacinth and others intermingle with this jade blanket and dot it with a patchwork of reds, purples, and yellows. During these warm months much of the island is covered with a rich growth of grass making excellent pasture land. The summers are mild with a mean temperature of about 70 degrees.

The winters, of course, are another story, but actually Kodiak seldom gets extremely cold. The temperatures rarely go below zero. The usual winter-time uniform is greens without overcoats. It's only during a williwaw, a frigid wind brewed in the Arctic which hits the island with terrific force, that the guards break out their fur-lined parkas. But nonetheless the winter weather is hardly pleasant and it was rumored by servicemen stationed here during the war that Kodiak weather reports were broadcast to Japan as part of the war of nerves.

During the winter months the days get extremely short and there are times when evening colors go as early as two o'clock in the afternoon. The men stationed here believe this to be some sort of a record for Marine posts.

No place in the States can quite compare with the town of Kodiak, and



Marines guard the gate at the Naval Operating Base. The road leads to Kodiak, just three miles away. The weather is usually much warmer than it appears here

Marines here say you haven't lived until you pull a liberty in it. Kodiak somewhat resembles Virginia City, Nevada, but with one big difference. Virginia City is a ghost town; Kodiak is very much alive. The crooked main drag of the village looks more like a winding cow trail than a thoroughfare. Most of the buildings are one story high and of the cheapest frame construction.

With its wooden sidewalks and numerous saloons there's a definite picturesque quality about the place. As you enter the city, you almost expect to see a cowboy backing out one of the tavern doors with both barrels of his six-shooter smoking.

Kodiak has a definite frontier atmosphere. One of the town's leading eating places is called the "Yum Yum Cafe." Then there's the "Quit Your Kickin' Hand Laundry." A sign over one bar contains this profound bit of philosophy:

**An Indian Scalps His Enemy  
A White Man Scalps His Friend.**

Until recently, geese, dogs, and brown bears used to roam the main street. The dogs still do. If a store or bar doesn't have at least one Kodiak bear mounted, or a hide on the wall, you can bet your last dollar it was recently opened. The Bank of Kodiak has three of these fierce-looking critters conspicuously displayed.

The town's leading tourist attraction, and most photographed building, is the Russian Orthodox Church. It's spiraled minarets somehow look strangely out of place in a frontier setting. Kodiak Island played a prominent part in the history of Alaska. It was the site of the original Russian settlement in the New World. It was established in 1784 at Three Saints Bay, but abandoned eight years later when the Russians moved into the present town of Kodiak.



Gate guards live in their own quonset hut; cook their own chow. Two other Posts of the Corps in Alaska—Adak and Dutch Harbor—also compact and popular



There is still a sizeable Russian colony living on the island.

Prices are high in Kodiak as they are all over Alaska. One restaurant advertises hamburgers for 50 cents and a good steak dinner will cost you from three to four dollars. Souvenirs are limited to a few ivory trinkets and mukluks, the native footwear, made by the Eskimos.

The Barracks' First Sergeant, Kenneth E. France, is living in Kodiak with his wife and family until he can obtain quarters on the Base. He pays \$65.00 a month for a one-bedroom apartment, plus \$35 for fuel and electricity. Complains the Top: "It costs me a 100 bucks a month just to keep a roof over my head."

The old wartime curfew of 11:30 is

still in effect at Kodiak and all men below first paygrade must be off the streets at this time. This applies to the married men living in the village as well as those ashore on liberty. Only a few diehard liberty hounds would complain about this ruling, however. Facilities for an overnight stay are limited, there is only one small hotel.

Alaska's well known shortage of females hasn't had much effect on Kodiak Marines. Seven members of the present detachment have married local gals.

One of the first things that Kodiak Marines do when replacements arrive at the Barracks is to take them to their Enlisted Men's Club. They are extremely proud of the building and have a good reason to be. All the construction work was done on a volunteer

basis by the members of the guard and what's more it didn't cost Uncle Sam a dime.

The former CO of the Barracks, Major Richard L. Bowl, now aboard the *Enterprise*, obtained permission from Headquarters Marine Corps to build the club. The actual construction was under the supervision of Technical Sergeant Willard R. Baker, now retired. Gunny Baker was a representative "Old Corps" NCO, the type who sees a job through to the end. His leading assistants were Corporal Harry E. Landacer, Pfc Ira J. Decker and Pfc John Garrison.

The building is a log cabin affair and took 18 months to complete. Any vacation resort would be proud to claim it as their own. It's located on a hill above the Barracks and affords a wonderful view of Old Woman's Bay and the air strip. The club has one large beer bar and dance floor plus a small, cozy cocktail lounge. Like any mountain lodge, it has a huge stone fireplace, also built by Marines. Incidentally, no member of the guard was ever excused from a watch while the building was under construction. All the work was done during the Marines' spare time.

How did the Kodiak Marines get the material and equipment used for the

**TURN PAGE**

**Food prices are sky high;  
even master sergeants  
have a tough deal**



Most photographed building in Kodiak is the Russian Church. A large Russian colony lives on the island



Major David A. Van Evera commands the Kodiak Marines. He commanded a company of the Eighth Marines at Okinawa

## KODIAK (cont.)

building? Master Sergeant Burnell E. Starnater grinned and explained it this way: "We begged, borrowed, chiseled and 'midnight' requisitioned everything that went into the making of this club. I think the men have every right to brag about the results."

The Kodiak Naval Operating Base is the headquarters for the 17th Naval District, which includes all of the Alaskan area. All Marines reporting for duty in Alaska first come to Kodiak and from there they are transferred to stations where they are needed. Besides Kodiak, the Corps has two other posts in the territory—one at Adak and the other at Dutch Harbor. The Dutch Harbor command includes only eight men, skippered by a technical sergeant.

Major David A. Van Evera, the young commanding officer of the Kodiak guard, is the District Marine officer and serves on the staff of the Commandant. He also has additional duties which include: joint Army-Navy provost marshal, base provost marshal, base security officer, shore patrol officer, member of the joint armed forces disciplinary control office, and district game and conservation officer. The major is a mighty busy Marine.

The present tour of duty in the Alas-

kan area is 18 months, and until very recently men were allowed to extend for a period of three months at a time. The Navy has now discontinued this policy, and Marines must "go outside" (back to the States) after they have completed their required time. This regulation is unpopular with some of the men, especially staff NCOs who have enjoyable, comfortable quarters on the base.

Kodiak is a good place for a married man to save some money. There are a number of openings on the base for clerical and secretarial workers, and Marine's wives have no difficulty finding employment. Commissary and ships service prices are comparable to those in the States. Sgt. Starnater tells the story of one corporal who picked up odd jobs on weekends. The corporal's wife worked and at the end of a 21-month stay they took \$5000 back to the States.

Kodiak Marines stay in good shape. Although they are restricted from close order drill in the winter time, they more than make up for it in summer, practicing their column movements on the taxi ramp of the airstrip. Combat conditioning hikes are a weekly rule at this post, in both winter and summer. Any exercise in Kodiak's sharp, nippy atmosphere has a noticeable effect on your appetite. Said one Marine: "You eat big and you feel good when you're doin' duty here."

Years ago, the late, great Billy Mitchell said that "Alaska is the most important strategic place in the world." That the Marine Corps is recognizing the strategic value of this great land is evidenced by last winter's large-scale maneuver conducted on Kodiak by elements of the First Division. Military men are aware that Alaska, our last frontier, might become our first front in time of war.

END



Master Sergeant B. E. Starnater holds two recent additions to the Kodiak mascot collection. They are part Eskimo Husky



The Post Security Officer fingerprints a new employee before giving him a base pass. Security is the Marines' responsibility

# SOME MAKE IT AND SOME...

by Sgt. John J. O. Bois



**S**ERGEANT Daddazio contemplated the battery of stripes he sported on the sleeves of his dress blues. It had taken eight years to acquire those chevrons and a transfer to recruiting duty. Strutting up Market Street from the Custom House, Daddy felt that at long last he had reached the turning point of his career.

For years he had bemoaned his position in the Corps. Every transfer seemed worse than the one before. His military career had consisted of a series of unwanted duty assignments. When the war ended he had eagerly looked forward to the "peace-time" Marine Corps. He was ready to nail down a plank and increase his girth by substantial monthly deposits at the nearest slop-chute. However, to his dismay, he found himself still in the Fleet Marine Force, still making maneuvers, and still wearing a pair of sweat-stained dungarees 90 per cent of his waking hours.

Daddy became a professional wailer. His rank, tarnished by age, no longer offered solace; he had resigned himself to being the senior corporal in the Corps. Following a habit of long standing, Daddy submitted a letter for transfer periodically on the first of every quarter and spasmodically whenever scuttlebutt seemed favorable. His reaction upon notification of transfer to Headquarters, Eastern Recruiting Division, was noteworthy. He promptly put the company clown on report for falsehood. The orders were almost unbelievable. They rocked the morale of the en-

tire Second Division. The sergeant major decided to give the matter urgent priority before it became a divisional disaster. Daddy was accordingly smuggled out of Lejeune at night and sent on his way to Philadelphia amid doubt, misgivings, and confusion.

That he successfully out-manuevered temptation while enroute was evidenced by his smart appearance as a sergeant in Philadelphia. No word of his previous reputation had reached this far into civilization, and Daddy began his new duties without taint. A few days of indoctrination found him the sole proprietor of one tent, canvas; "A" poster stand, and hundreds of pieces of propaganda intended for the purpose of luring possible recruits into his clutches.

The plaza of City Hall, where Daddy reigned supreme, was a beehive of activity. Thousands poured through its street portals daily, crossing and recrossing Market and Broad. Daddy's first day solo had been a monument to all those years of boon-docking. He was elated and confident as he "sold" the last group of youngsters on Parris Island. Here, indeed, Daddy had found his forte!

It was with genuine reluctance that he secured the tent for the day. As he stood gazing with unhidden pride at his private domain, a voice interrupted. Daddy turned to snare his prey as the closing gesture of a day well spent for the good of the Corps. His aggressive recruiter's smile faded into a frown of annoyance. The elderly gentleman

stood, keenly interested in the tent and its display which advertised the opportunities available to any "red-blooded American Boy."

"Son" This salutation cut Daddy to his hash marks, "will you be kind enough to direct me to the Recruiting Office? I'm interested in the Marine Corps."

Daddy winced. He lit the cigar butt in his mouth and growled, "Scram, gran-pa! The Marines don't need no old goats. Retreads went out with the war. See? We're only interested in kids. Get it?"

**T**HE distinguished gentleman stepped back as if stabbed. His look of astonishment encouraged Daddy to gild the lily. He handed the gentleman an application form.

"Fill this out, Mac, and give it to the Salvation Army." Daddy strolled off, firmly gripping the cigar butt between his teeth to hold back his laughter. The old fellow's face had been crimson with anger.

Daddy laughed again as he told me the story. We had just finished taking Hill #29 in as dirty a piece of boon-docks as you'll ever find behind Gitmo Bay. Daddy wiped his eyes and looked around at the jungle.

"Hell," he said. "How was I supposed to know that the officer-in-charge of the whole damn recruiting district was wearing civilian clothes in Philadelphia?"

END



# AND SO THEY GO...

Each passing year exacts

by Sgt. Spencer D. Gartz

Leatherneck Staff Writer

its toll of the men who have helped formulate and

maintain the Corps' athletic prestige

**E**VERY year, at the start of the football season, "old" Marines begin reminiscing about the old days in Corps football. Through the years the same names are recalled, various games recounted; but each year a few of the "names" are followed with the remark, "he went out last month," or "he turned in his suit on July 1."

Along about this time, when the gray-beards start their pig-skin memory-games anew, the magic Corps gridiron names of Goettge, Sanderson, Livers-edge, Beckett and "Boot" Brown will come to the fore. As they ramble on, someone will say, "and how about that big guard, what's his name—Mac—Mac—oh yeah, McHenry." Someone, in every gathering, always gets the word, so the next observation to be made will be, "Yeah, whatta lineman—I hear he turned in his suit last June."

The scuttlebutt will be true, for on June 30, 1949, after "putting in" more than 33 years, Colonel George W. McHenry turned in his suit.

After leaving high school in Shelby, Mo., in the early summer of 1915, "Purl" McHenry, began to look for worlds to conquer. The World's Fair at San Francisco, then a favorite subject of conversation, seemed like the most likely place to start. After a few months of "soaking up culture" in the Bay area, and hearing the pros and cons of Southern California's rival "Fair," young Mac headed south to make his own comparison. The Pan-American Exposition at San Diego held his attention for the rest of the year.

Early in January, 1916, it happened. As the old story opening goes, "I was walking down the street, minding my own business, when I bumped into this guy." The "guy" in this case, as in



Colonel George W. McHenry





thousands of others, happened to be a recruiting sergeant in Marine "blues." The tales of adventure and world travel sold Mac on the Corps and soon he was on a train headed for the West Coast's Recruit Depot, then located at Mare Island, Calif.

Following his recruit training, he stayed at the Island, playing baseball with the barracks team until May, 1916, when he headed for China and duty with the American Legation, Peiping. During his cruise in the Orient, World War I broke out into the open, and two years later, almost to the day, he headed back to the States as a first sergeant, bound for the Officers' Training Class at Quantico.

He was commissioned a second lieutenant on January 1st, 1919, and two weeks later he headed for the Seventh Regiment, Santiago de Cuba, as a first lieutenant. When the outfit returned to the States in September, 1919, Lieutenant McHenry was sent to MB, NYD,

Philadelphia, Pa., to assist in checking in remains of the expeditionary supplies.

After the war, McHenry's rank reverted to that of warrant officer. After about a year and a half as a WO he was reappointed a second lieutenant by action of the Neville Board. During this period he was serving as Assistant to Post Quartermaster and player-coach of the football team.

In June, 1921, the Fourth Regiment, Santiago, Santo Domingo, picked him up on the muster roll and carried him until August, 1922, when he reported to Quantico where he made his first contact with big time Marine football. That was the year when the "big team" came up with an undefeated season and carved their niche in eastern gridiron circles.

For four years, 1922 through 1925, Quantico piled up a very respectable record of 27 wins, five loses, and three ties. During this period they never lost to an Army team—and, in 1924, picked up their first "President's Cup."

The 1925 team was captained by McHenry, and though they lost to Canisius, Detroit University and Lou Little's rejuvenated Georgetown outfit, they still had enough left to beat Fort Benning 20-0 for the coveted President's Cup.

In 1926 McHenry reported to MCB, San Diego, after six months with a U.S. Mail Guard detail of Marines. The San Diego base was beginning to break into the West Coast football picture due to the hard work and adept coaching of two former team-mates, John Beckett and Elmer E. Hall. The big guard saw duty during the '26 season as a player-assistant coach.

The Banana Wars of Central America put an end to his playing days, when in January, 1928, practically the entire San Diego base, McHenry included, headed for Nicaragua. He remained in South America until 1929, then returned to San Diego where he assisted Jim Blewett with his football coaching duties during the 1930 season.

He had attained a captaincy when he returned to Quantico for the 1931 football season. It was then that he became head coach of the "big team." His efforts brought forth a good season, winning eight, losing three and tying one.

In addition he coached and managed post teams in baseball, basketball, boxing and wrestling.

The pre-World War II years saw him in Shanghai with the Fourth Marines, where he kept his athletic hand in the picture, assisting the other mentors and heading the coaching staff in baseball.

Then came duty with various rifle teams, as a shooting member of the Fourth Regiment team and as AAQM for the Corps' teams during their Camp Perry jaunts.

During World War II he left the States as Commanding Officer of the 2nd Battalion, Twenty-first Marines, Third Marine Division and trained his outfit in New Zealand. Upon promotion to colonel he was temporarily assigned to the Army's 43rd Division and was with them throughout the Rendova-New Georgia-Munda operations. Upon completion of this duty he was assigned command of the Third Marine Regiment and led them through the Bougainville operation during November-December, 1943.

A period of Stateside duty followed, involving the training of replacements for combat. In late '46 he made his third trip to China as Assistant Chief of Staff of the First Marine Division (Reinforced). While there he acted in an advisory capacity on the coaching staff of the First Marines football team. He also instituted the "McHenry Point Participation Program," a recreation program in which points were awarded to organizations for all athletics and recreational activities including immobile solitaire players. The colonel returned Stateside last year.

His decorations include, Navy Cross, w/star, Silver Star, Purple Heart, Navy Unit Commendation, Good Conduct Medal, Marine Corps Expeditionary Medal w/2 stars, World War I Victory Medal, Second Nicaraguan Medal, China Service Medal, American Defense, American Theatre, Asiatic-Pacific w/3 stars, World War II Victory Medal, Medal of Merit (Nicaragua) and the Commander of the Order of Orange Nassau (Netherlands).

Like others preceding him, his influence in Corps athletics will be long felt; but he won't be missing altogether. Look about you in the stands during any sports season—he'll be there! **END**



Young "Mac," a stalwart guard on the great Quantico teams of the early '20s

# the mascot

by Allan M. Goldston

The Sergeant meant no harm. He was only trying to make points with a visiting general



LIKE I says, I am a private on mess duty, which is not a very respected and honored position. We have been on this island about three months and the only inhabitants besides us is a family of gooney birds on the north end of the island. We have one officer, a lieutenant, and a few NCOs whom us recruits still call "Sir." As can be expected, nothing ever happens and we lead a hell of a dreary life. Mostly we just chew the fat and see who can drink the most beers.

Then we get word one morning that some big wheel is stopping over on a flight to Manila to make an inspection of the garrison. I cannot see why such a fuss is being made for a plain colonel or general or whatever he is, but everybody gets all excited except me. Everytime I look out of the cell window I see guys picking up cigaret butts and beer cans and washing windows. (At this time I am pulling three days bread and water for bouncing a beer can off another's guy's head—all in fun, of course). On my last day, I am released and I go back on mess duty. This is the same day the big wheel is to make the inspection. He is to eat dinner that day at the messhall before resuming his trip, furthermore, he is an extra big wheel and therefore must have an extra good meal.

Naturally, Rhodes, the mess sergeant, must do a good job and he is running around like a headless rooster. He

wishes to display his dexterity as a good cook and is having a brainstorm as to what the general or whatever he was could eat. I begin to feel sorry for Rhodes, because all he had was some dehydrated spuds and canned meat. Seeing as how Rhodes isn't blessed with such a big load of intelligence, I take it upon myself to help him. A nice green salad will break up the monotony of the meal if I can get the salad. Since there is none on hand, I turn my mind to the natural resources which the island offered, which, next to the gooney birds, was practically nothing except a few green shrubs which might be edible. I present my idea to the mess sergeant and after some consideration he sees that I am right.

"Monkey face," he says, "you have spent practically the whole time you have been in this outfit in my messhall—that is, when you ain't in the brig. Lately I been thinking about recommending you for another stripe. Monkey face, you go and get them there leaves and maybe we can make something out of them."

A little later I pick the leaves and carry them back to the messhall to Rhodes.

"Monkey face," he says, "we can't use these damn leaves for a salad on account of they wasn't intended for a salad. Instead we are going to make some boiled greens a la Rhodes."

A little later, I hears the sergeant's



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foghorn voice pleading for me to help him out again. "Damn your hide, how the hell do I know if these here greens ain't poison?" He looks at me and then a big smile spreads over his pan and his voice does not sound so much like a foghorn, but nice and mellow like hollering inside a barrel. You have been a good boy on mess duty. I have been thinking it over and have decided to recommend you for a stripe when promotions come out," he says kind of father-like. "Now take a taste of these here greens and see if you like the flavor."

As I am about to pop a spoonful in my mouth the idea comes to me that Rhodes may not be as interested in the flavor as he is over the fact that the results may be favorable or unfavorable—meaning, of course, whether I will drop dead or not. I am suddenly assailed with the idea that maybe it will be better if I get other means of finding out if the greens are poison or not. "Sergeant," I says, "I just ain't hungry and besides I never did care so much for greens. I'll find Mike and let him eat the greens, that way we can tell if they are good."

Mike is the bulldog mascot of the garrison and always hangs around the mess hall. I go out to the GI cans and get him by the scruff of the neck and entice him into the messhall. Rhodes plops a spoonful of greens on

the floor. "Eat 'em," he orders. Mike looks at the greens and finally decides it is to his interest if he eats them. So he does. Mike even licks around the floor to get any he might have missed. Me and Rhodes watch for a couple minutes and Mike looks like he wants some more.

"Reckon they're O.K., Sarge," I says. "He ain't died yet."

WELL, the big wheel turns out to be a general sure enough and he inspects the area where the guys have worked so hard cleaning up and he also watches them drill some. Then he comes into the messhall to eat. Rhodes, all sharpened up in a clean uniform serves the general and then stands some distance away to watch. The lieutenant is sitting near the general talking to him but not eating.

Me, I am watching the whole thing from the rear of the galley with such intense interest that I don't hear the guy come up behind me until he tells me Mike is dead. I realize then what a shock it will be to the sergeant because he always thought a lot of Mike. I navigate myself up to where Rhodes is and remit to him the news that Mike is dead. He then turns a pea shade of green and is sweating like a horse. He goes back to the galley and twists the handle on the field telephone.

"Gimme sick bay, quick . . . Sick bay,

this is Rhodes over at the messhall. Bring your gear over here . . . something to work on the general with, he just ate poison."

I didn't pay particular attention to Rhodes' call to sick bay, on account of I am not in the habit of butting into other guy's business, so I just watch the general eat his greens and canned meat. I watch until the medic comes, which is about three minutes later, then Rhodes comes over to me. I am watching the guys from sick bay spread the general out on the mess table and give him the needle and make him drink stuff.

"Where's Mike?" Rhodes asks me in a voice that sounds like he was choking to death. "I might as well take a look at him."

"He's out front. What's the matter with the general?"

"Sick." Rhodes looked me disgustedly.

"Sick?" I says.

"Yeah, sick, don't people usually get sick when they've ate something poison?"

"Poison," I says, "you mean the greens?"

"Yeah, I mean the greens, Monkey face. Ain't Mike dead?"

"Sure," I answers, "Mikes's dead, but he got run over by the garbage truck."

END



# CARTOONS BY

## Booth



"Come on Butler—wake up!"



"I got a hunch this is going to be a tough inspection"



"All right men let's show the inspecting officer that we're the best platoon in the battalion—Dittburner report to the galley"

**BOOTH**



## SOUND OFF

[continued from page 5]

### TO PROCURE MEDALS

Sir:

Since there are no Marine Corps Activities in this area, would you please advise me as to how I could obtain the Defense, Victory, and Good Conduct Medals to which I am entitled.

James C. Dixon

Boise, Idaho

• You can obtain your American Defense Service Medal and Victory Medal by taking your discharge to the Marine Sub District Recruiting Station located in Room 223 of the Continental Bank Building, Boise, Idaho, or, you can mail a copy of your discharge, or the original, to Headquarters, Marine Corps, Washington, D. C. Good Conduct Medals are only forwarded from HQMC.—Ed.



### SCANDALOUS CONDUCT

Sir:

Recently we heard a man read off on the sentence of a court-martial, the charge being "Scandalous conduct tending to the destruction of good morals." Our platoon sergeant later told us the man was lucky to get off with a bust and some brig time. He went on to list several things which could also come under this charge, with a maximum penalty up to several years in the pokey for a conviction. Would you list some offenses that could draw such a sentence, so I can see if he was kidding me or not?

Corp. SWM

San Diego, Calif.

• Offenses of a scandalous nature which could be laid under this charge are: Attempting to enter another's locker; attempting to destroy government property; attempting to obtain possession of another's mail; attempting to present false records, falsely subscribing to any paper or writing; taking, or permitting to be taken, nude or indecent pictures; making indecent or improper proposals or advances; lying exposed in the sack with another; attempting sodomy, profane swearing, etc.—Ed.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 56)



# UNIFORM Sale

You're a lucky man if one of the uniform sizes shown below is a near fit for you. All materials are Supply Department cloth and workmanship is of the highest quality.

We bought the uniforms in 1945 for some O.C.S. classes that didn't finish. This clearance is your gain and our loss.

Satisfaction is guaranteed or you may return the uniform. Minor alterations will be made if you will send your measurements along with your order.

Delivery will be within one week of receipt of order.

### TROPICAL WORSTEDS

Blouse, belt, and trousers (10 oz.)									\$30.00
Extra trousers									11.50
Size	35	36	37	38	39	40	42	46	
Short	2	4		18	20	6	3	9	
Regular		7	18	9					
Long			3	40					

### GREEN ELASTIQUES

Blouse, belt, and trousers (19 oz.)						\$45.00
Extra trousers						14.00
Size	36	37	38	39	40	
Short			3	3		
Regular	1	14	24	10	10	
Long		10	10			

### LIGHTWEIGHT OVERCOATS

Green Elastique (22 oz.)						\$46.00
Size	38	42	43	44	46	
Short					1	
Regular			3	3	2	3
Long			4	3	3	3

## Camp Men's Shop

CAMP LEJEUNE, NORTH CAROLINA

# WE - THE MARINES

Edited by Sgt. William Milhon

## Maltese Match

On the island of Malta in the Mediterranean two dozen U. S. Marines shot it out with British soldiers, sailors, Marines and commandos. The Marines armed with M-1s landed at 0900 February 24th and made contact with the British at St. Paul's Bay. The British garrison using their Enfield rifles with deadly accuracy put up a good fight, but after a day of furious firing the Marines came out on top. A friendly contest, of course, on a British rifle range with British rules.

When the carrier *Philippine Sea* dropped anchor at Marsaxlokk Harbor at Malta in mid-February the British garrison immediately challenged the American forces to a rifle match. The Second Marines (Reinforced) accepted. They had no idea what they were in for: a British rifle match is a combination foot race, obstacle course, and target range. It was the most unusual shoot held in recent years.

The Marines entered three teams of eight men each. The English teams were the Royal Marine Commandos, British Army, Royal Fleet Marines, and the Royal Navy. The shoot was divided into two matches, the first match consisting of three events.

The first phase of the initial match was slow fire at 500 yards. Each man fired five rounds at an 8' by 6' target with only the top half of the bull painted black. A round in the black was good for five points; the "inner" four points; a magpie was three, and an "outer" only two points. Nothing unusual about that.

But the second phase called a "run-down" snowed the Marines. The teams started in the prone position at 400 yards with weapons locked and loaded with eight rounds. When four black silhouette targets appeared, firing began. Each target was lowered as soon as it was hit. All targets were lowered after 45 seconds. A quarter of a minute



ART!—This charming Venus visited the recent Veterans Art Exhibit at Balboa Island, Calif., to admire original *Leathegneck* art. The lovely lady, is Beverly Sykes

later, all targets appeared again and the team advanced on the double to the 300 yard line, flopped into the prone position and fired away. Targets were lowered as soon as they were hit. Fifteen seconds later, or after the last target had been hit, the team raced up to the 200 yard line, sprawled in the prone position and blasted away with its remaining ammunition. On this last run all targets remained exposed for two and a half minutes, whether hit or not. The team having the greatest number of hits throughout the run-down wins. Each counted five points.

The third phase of the first match consisted of a "snap shoot," at 300 yards using a "22" circular target with an 8" half-bull. The body of the target was divided into two segments; the top colored pale blue and the bottom half tan. Each man fired eight rounds, two rounds in succession. The targets appeared for six seconds, four times, and were lowered for six seconds between firing runs. A hit outside the inner ring did not count.

In spite of the unfamiliar range and the double-timing back and forth between firing lines, the Camp Lejeune "A" team wound up in a tie for third

place at the end of the first match. (The British Army copped first place and won a case of beer.) In the semi-finals the Royal Fleet Marines beat the Royal Marine Commandos while the Camp Lejeune "A" squad was eliminating the Royal Navy team. The Camp Lejeune men won the finals in a very closely contested match. Only one title remained upright on the British end of the butts when distinguished Marksman TSgt. Max R. Beebe plunked over the tenth USMC target.

The British teams had everything in their favor, and the odds were heavy against our Marines—but it isn't the first time that Marines have won a contest against overwhelming odds.

Camp Lejeune Globe

### Safe Keeping

A sailor whose cargo had shifted was listing heavily in Oceanside, Calif., until the MPs squared away his navigational troubles. They escorted him to patrol headquarters for safe keeping. After a night of being safely kept, the swabbie had got his bearings and he appeared very humble as he claimed his ID card and his wallet from the

desk sergeant. He checked his purse and his attitude changed immediately.

"Awright, Buddy," he growled. "Where's my thousand dollar bill?"

The sergeant broke out in a gentle sweat. "All your money's there," he stammered. "You got just what you had when we arrested you."

"Oh, yeah? When I checked out on liberty I had a thousand dollar bill."

Before the argument got too bitter, both the sergeant and the sailor shook down the wallet very carefully. Finally they found it crumpled up in a wad behind his driver's license. It was an authentic G note.

"Sorry, Sarge," said the sailor. He left the bill right where it was, stowed his wallet away, and shoved off.

"We," sighed Sergeant Albert Johnson, "sure get some lulus here!"

### Insulted Saw Bones

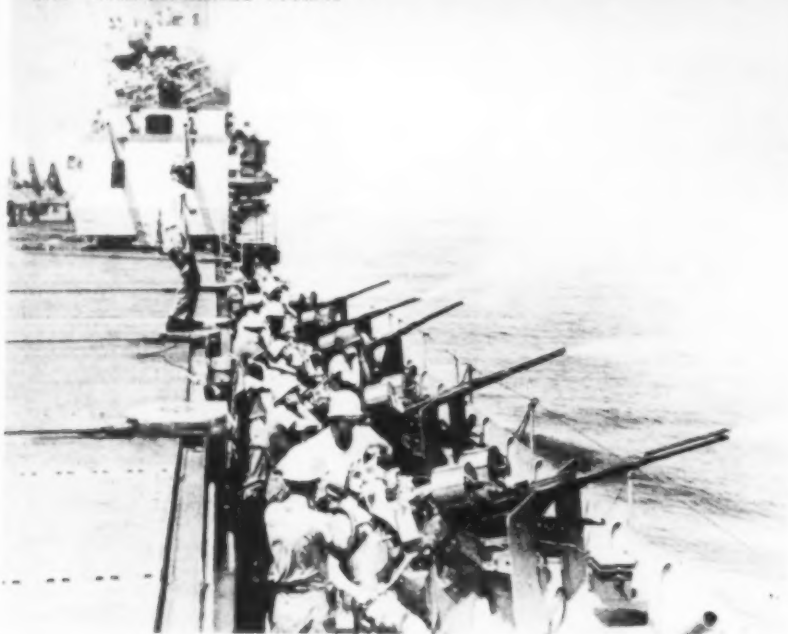
The *Chevron* reports that one branch of Naval personnel is very touchy about its job. Recently, Matt Beers, a civilian carpenter with Post Maintenance at MCRD, San Diego, was in a hurry to contact the Butcher Shop. He dialed madly, and waited while the phone rang

TURN PAGE





## WE—THE MARINES (cont.)



BANG, BANG—Marines attached to USS Kearsarge (CV-33) got lots of practice at the 20-mm. gun stations while on a Reserve Training Cruise to the Caribbean



FIRST?—These stalwart lacrosse players claim to be the first team formed in Marine Corps history. They are members of

the 11th Engineer Battalion, USMCR. They are scheduled for action against other lacrosse teams in the Baltimore area

again and again. Finally he got an answer.

"Is this the Butcher Shop?" asked Matt.

"No," replied a disgusted and angry voice. "This is the Post Dispensary."

They hung up on him.

## Sit This One Out

TSgt Lester C. Bennett may be a ballroom "square" but as a salesman he wins in a waltz. Bennett, a clerk in the Oklahoma City recruiting station, was recently offered Arthur Murray's dancing course by a charming local instructress. For a mere \$192 Bennett could get hep in a hurry.

But while she was trying to sell him on the advantages of the rhumba, Bennett sold her on the Marine Corps. In a few minutes, she signed up as a USMC-W applicant. Wall-flower Bennett kept his \$192.

## Peon, Sir

Jack Hill, Chattanooga, Tenn., holds two ranks, ten divisions apart, and he



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**ZEBRAS**—MSgt and MSgt James Mills pass under an arch of swords following their marriage at Parris Island Post Chapel.

The master sergeant in the dress is the former Elsie Miller sergeant major of Third Recruit Training Battalion (Women)



alternates between peon and high brass with a minimum of confusion. Jack is a Private First Class, USMCR, in Battery "B" 4th 155-mm. Howitzer Battalion, Chattanooga. But he also holds the highest rank attainable in his high school ROTC. He is a lieutenant colonel.

He denies, absolutely, that he salutes whenever he meets himself in a mirror.

### Flying Snake

When Captain Lengel of VMF-233, Cherry Point strapped himself into his

**TURN PAGE**



**CHOWHOUND**—When Camp Catlin, Hawaii, Marines staged a giant field day, this hungry Marine, Pfc Richard Bell, gorged himself to victory in the pie eating contest

for  
rea



**CHUGALUG**—You, too, can be the life of the party—Beer Party, that is—if your outfit signs up more than half its

members as *Leatherneck* subscribers. Second Division's 2nd AmphTrac Battalion is first unit to receive a beer bust on us

Corsair last month something serpentine slithered across his lap and vanished into the shadows. The captain began slapping at it, furiously, hoping to frighten it away. The old yarns about snakes in the cockpit, flashed through his mind.

He remembered the tale of the old-time aviator who discovered a diamond-back rattlesnake coiled at his feet. The pilot got out of that one by climbing fast, rolling his old two-winger over, and flying on his back,

until the snake fell out. And the sweating captain recalled another incident that had occurred about the time oxygen came into use for altitude hops. A pilot, discovering a rattlesnake crawling near his feet, climbed to a high altitude. He thought it would kill the reptile. Apparently it did. But when the flyer returned to a low level, the snake revived and bit him. Capt. Lengel, really up in the air now, wasn't even off the deck yet. Suddenly, a pair of steel jaws fastened themselves to his

wrist and hung on with a deadly grip.

Lengel survived. The snake turned out to be the oxygen tube. Its fangs were the teeth-like clamps that had fouled in his parachute harness.

Lieutenant O. L. Stephenson  
Cherry Point, Windsack

### First Bust On Us

Thousands of earnest young men, it says here, have worked their way through college by selling magazine subscriptions. Recently a battalion of Marines sold magazine subscriptions and worked their way through umpteen kegs of beer.

Some 170 officers and men of the 2nd Amphibious Tractor Battalion, Second Division, FMF, Camp Lejeune, rolled out the barrels at Onslow Beach and had a very fine time. (This is one beer party we are proud to report in *Leatherneck*.) Not that we are partial to the 2nd AMTRACK Bn. It's just that they are partial to us. Over 50 per cent of that unit subscribed to *Leatherneck*; their outfit is the first to rate a free beer party on us. Congratulations, men, and thanks for the support.

This is your magazine and we appreciate your help by the kegful. Any thirsty unit in FMF, the Organized Reserves, or any post, station, or sea detachment that signs up over half of its members as subscribers to *Leatherneck* gets a party on the house. You are welcome.

**END**



**FOOD, TOO**—Along with the kegs of brew, soft drinks and sandwiches were served to hungry 2nd AmphTrac Battalion subscribers. Party was held at Onslow Beach

# if Pleasure's your aim...not medical claims —light an Old Gold!

If you're looking for a short-short version of a Household Medical book, friend, you wandered into the wrong cigarette ad. But if you want a Treat instead of a Treatment... this you're going to like! Old Golds are as smooth and mellow and downright good as nearly 200 years of tobacco know-how can make 'em. Old Golds are packed with the smoking pleasure that comes from just one thing—the world's best tobacco. That's *our* short-short story. The happy ending comes when you light an Old Gold... today?

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treat yourself to **OLD GOLDS**





LANOLIZE  
RIGHT!



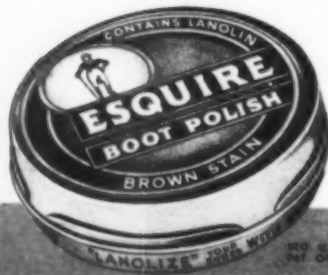
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WITH

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BOOT POLISH**



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at your Marine Post Exchange.

Product of Esquire Mfg. Co., Inc., Brooklyn, N.Y.

## SOUND OFF

[continued from page 49]

### ARMY VETERAN REPLIES

Sir:

I was reading the April issue of *Leatherneck* when I came across the idiotic conceited letter by Murray Goldstein in *Sound Off*. (Goldstein had taken *Leatherneck* to task for printing a story about Marine movie men and giving them too much credit for the "few" thousand feet of combat film they "shot," in comparison to the Army Pictorial Service, which he considered slighted in our article.—Ed.)

I am an ex-Army man myself. I spent 42 months in the Army (1942-45) and was with the 87th inf. Div (part of Patton's Third Army) in Europe. Since my discharge I have joined the USMCR, and to read a letter like that, when I know better, made my blood boil.

I saw a couple of the Marine films, "Tarawa," and a couple of others whose titles I can't remember. Being an amateur movie camera bug of quite a few years, I could appreciate the swell job of photography done in "Tarawa." You can't get shots like those from behind a dugout or two or three miles behind the lines. You have to see what you are shooting before you can get it . . . .

A. Creighton

Forest Grove, Ore.



### FOR BETTER SCORE BOOKS

Sir:

Now that we have a new course for the M-1 rifle, why not a new score book? A score book that has the pages in the order of the course would eliminate a lot of confusion. Also, each page could be labeled with the position to be used. The book could be handled more easily if there were more margin between the binding and the printed matter.

Corp. C. R. Barte

Washington, D. C.

● We think you have something here corporal!—Ed.

## SOUTH FROM THE SPHINX

[continued from page 24]

fossil turtle. I was credited with the discovery of a skelton of a stone age man, which I tripped over one day while hunting. The stone age implements which we found around the body indicated that it was from the Mesolithic period. The age known to scientists as Mosolithic dates back about 20,000 years, which as far as I know, is longer than even the lowest ranking Marine had to wait for his turn to come home on the rotation plan.

After seven weeks in the sweltering Turkhana area, we headed back for our pleasant home at Njoro. We found that our primate bones were the first to be discovered in the Lake Rudolph area, so we were quite happy about the whole thing. I guess it made up for the unpleasantness of the heat, sand, and lack of beer. (I might add, the average temperature is 102° F.)

Meanwhile in Egypt a naval research unit from Bethesda, Md. had joined the expedition. They were led by Commander Amberson and started to work on their job, which was to learn all they could about parasites, malaria, and other tropical diseases common to the Dark Continent.

Major Edwards and Chuck Evans left Egypt in late February and started south with the naval group. The major had sustained a back injury while in Egypt, but nevertheless he tried to make the trip to Kenya. While in Wadi Halfa, the results of his injury became serious and necessitated his return to the States for treatment. Everyone in the expedition was sorry to see him go. His natural ability as a leader, and his cool appraisal of every situation had made him almost indispensable.

Before he left, Major Edwards put Evans in charge of motor transport and told him to get the party through to Nairobi. At this point, Chuck was already acting as photographer, assistant mammalogist, and chief hunter, and if he'd had any sense, he would have applied for 30 days leave on the spot. Being a good Marine, however, he grabbed a couple of training manuals, a box of tools, and without neglecting any of his earlier jobs, he brought the party through 3000 miles of the meanest country in Africa without a hitch.

Harry Hoogstraal, the expeditions mammalogist, was attached to the naval

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 58)





"Granger spells the  
difference in pipe  
tobacco... it's Mild  
and Cool"

*Larry Jansen*

STAR PITCHER WITH  
THE NEW YORK GIANTS



# GRANGER

MILD COOL PIPE TOBACCO

## SOUTH FROM THE SPHINX

[continued from page 56]

group and represented the Chicago Natural History Museum. He was what you might call a super-hunter, for his interest ranged from cape buffalo to the smallest lice—plus all the ticks, leese, lick, and other parasites he found on them. When he was working, an 18 hour day meant nothing to him.

Perhaps the most spectacular find was the elephant shrew so called, not because it is big (you can hold one in the palm of your hand) but because it has a long proboscis, like an elephant. Laboratory tests have proved that its red blood corpuscles are very similar to those of man, and it contracts the same type of malaria as humans. The shrews accepted captivity and became so affectionate that everyone wanted to keep them as pets, but science came first, and since they make such excellent laboratory animals, we sent nearly 200 of them back to Bethesda. No VIP ever had more elaborate preparations made for his trip. Commander Ruebush, USN and HMC D. K. Lawless, USN, were assigned to accompany the shrews and a special Navy plane was laid on to meet an airworks plane at Tripoli. A special diet was prepared—consisting of milk, custard, rice, queen termites, chopped beef, grasshoppers, and multi-vitamin tablets.

THE Sudan Government seemed pleased that an American medical party should choose the territory for their medical studies and experiments. Close cooperation was obtained by our medicos from the local doctors, without whose help, the native would feel a little reluctant to volunteer for the various treatments. Intensive study was given to sleeping sickness, yellow fever, malaria, black-water fever and other diseases common to Equatorial Sudan.

A color movie was made by the naval medical photographer, dealing with the various new and improved methods which the native doctors were employing for combating and treating leprosy. Hundreds of blood slides were taken and will be used in the States for study by future doctors.

The native tribes studied were the Dinks, Shilluk, and the Nuba. Various methods were used to entice them to the camps in order that slides could be

taken and treatment could be given. Usually tobacco, which was very strong, was the most highly valued gift. A handful was the usual payment for services rendered. The native got smart after a while, and if he found out that his disease was of any value, he became a little more shy, and more tobacco was needed to persuade him to come for treatment, which was exactly what he wanted.

Dr. Henry Field, of Washington, D.C., the physical anthropologist who was with us for a time, made a great many measurements of the various tribesmen; he measured 150 adult males of the warlike Masai, in Southern Kenya. His method was simple. He put a large tin of snuff on a field table and as he measured each man, he allowed him to help himself to the snuff. Although the Masai are impatient with the whims of the white man, they endured the measuring procedure in order to get the snuff.

In the early days of Kenya, before the British occupation, about 50 years ago, the Masai were the terror of all East Africa, and no other tribe could stand against their fierce warriors, or Moran, as they are called. They think nothing of attacking a lion with a spear, especially if the lion has been bothering cattle. The Masai live on their herds by drinking the milk and also the blood of their beasts. They obtain the blood by shooting a hollow arrow into a vein in the neck of the animal and catch it in a gourd as it flows out. Then they stop the bleeding by slapping some earth on the wound and send

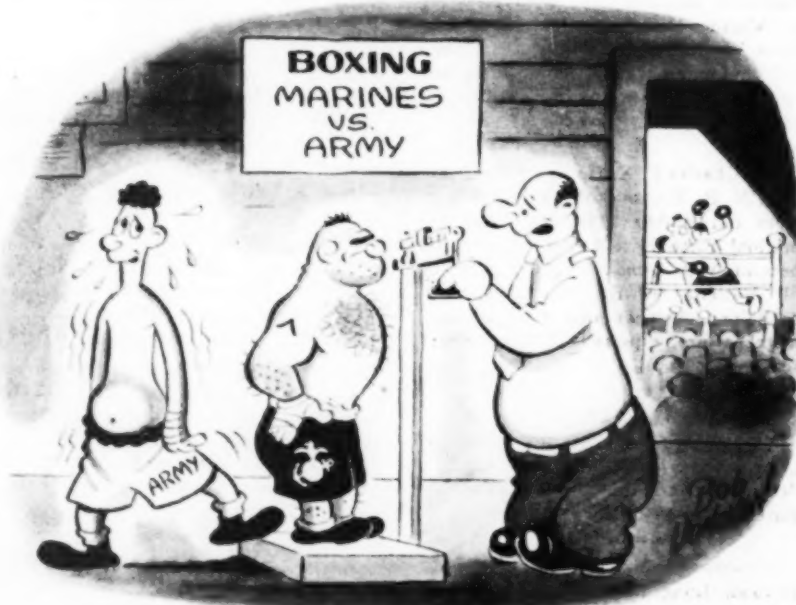
the cow back to the herd. Russell, who acted as Field's note-taker in the Masai country, watched the performance and was offered a drink of blood by the tribesman. This is probably the first time in history that an Army man refused a drink.

The Masai are an admirable tribe, on the whole. They are brave and honest, and are such rugged individualists that they refuse to accept the white man's way of life. They are Masai and are proud of it. Since honesty among the natives is not as common as it should be in East Africa, there isn't a white man in the region who doesn't have a profound respect for the Masai.

Chuck and I had developed a profound respect for Africa, and we'd had a lot of fun, but when our travel orders came through in June, we weren't sorry to leave. We quickly finished up our work with the expedition, and spent our last night in Kenya aboard the peanut whistle railroad between Nairobi and Mombasa. (The railroad thoughtfully furnishes straw mattresses, probably the rockiest sleeping accommodations ever devised.)

Wherever you go you always run into a former Marine. Edward W. Mulcahy, former captain, USMCR, the American Vice-Consul at Mombasa, met us at the station. He had arranged passage for us on an Egyptian liner to Cairo.

We liked Africa. We learned a lot, too. But the good old USA certainly looked wonderful to us. If some joker calls me long distance tonight and says: "You want to go to Africa?" I believe I will hang up. **END**



"I'll have to call your fight off, boys--- 'Killer' here's over the weight, limit."

# MAIL CALL

Condensations of letters received by Leatherneck appear below. The name stated first is that of the person wishing to establish contact with the last named person or persons.

Birger F. Westergard, 11049 4th Ave., South, Seattle 8, Wash., to hear from the following retired Marines: Sgt. Bailly Goode, Sgt. Bruno Moderzinsky, Sgt. Mosier and First Sergeant John Elder.

Eddie Glock, 23 29th St., Billings, Mont., to contact the following friends whose present addresses are unknown to him. David Goodman (Bronx, N.Y.), Herbie Fuch, USN (MC) (Bronx or Brooklyn), Harry Kreigstien, USN (Bronx, N.Y.), Sidney Sprague (Elyria, O.), Archie Vincent (Arkansas, James Moore, (Ft. Smith, Ark.)

C. E. Randall, 18 East Drullard Ave., Lancaster, N. Y., to contact Michael Sterling Sammon.

Sgt. James E. Walsh, Jr., Ward #9, USNH Camp Lejeune, N. C., to contact any personnel, either service personnel or civilians, who were attached to Marine Detachment, U. S. Naval Mine Warfare Test Station (USNMW-TS), Solomons, Maryland, anytime between September, 1945, and February, 1946.

Sgt. Charles F. X. Houts, M.D. USN-DB., N. B., Portsmouth, N. H., to hear from old buddies formerly with the original First Base Depot, any members of MD, Illinois of 1940, or from "I" Battery, 3rd Bn., Tenth Marines, on Saipan, Agraan and Japan who remember him, especially Charley Giet-sen.

James W. Harris, 1087 W. Yale, Flint, Mich., to hear from Sgt. John G. Nun-gazer, formerly with the Sixth and Second Marines, and the Sixth Defense Battalion in 1940-42.

Norman McQuade, 10 Loretta St., Inwood, Long Island, N. Y., to hear from Lt. Severson, formerly stationed at Quantico, Va., in 1944 and attached to a VMO outfit.

David A. Whelan, 416 Main St., Biddeford, Maine, to hear from PISgt. Joseph F. Daly.

Sgt. Gerald E. Wiggins, USMCR, 3222 Lanham Way, Seattle 6, Wash., to hear from any old buddies in the 1940-45 Pearl Harbor Navy Yard Fire Department, and former members of platoon 14, San Diego in 1939.

Howard E. "Retread" Whiten, Main St., (c/o E. T. Walker & Co.), Vineyard Haven, Mass., to hear from Eddie Coleman and "Keough."

Harold Allen, 25 Pasedina, Highland Park, Mich., to contact a former friend by the name of Beal whose home was in Maryland and who was a fisherman by trade.

Paul Rubin, 2301 Coney Island Ave., Brooklyn 23, N. Y., to hear from Leo "Whitey" Milewski, formerly a cook with "B" Btry., 5th 155-mm. Howitzer Battalion, V Amphibious Corps. His home is believed to be in Hartford, Conn.

Valentino Malcasia and Vincent Ben-enati, 808 Hudson Blvd., Union City, N. J., to contact a former buddy from "A" Btry., 10th 155-mm. Battalion, Pfc Casper Trota, believed to live in Brook-lyn, N. Y.

George Legino, Livermore, Colo., to hear from former buddies of "B" Co., 1st Armored Amphibian Battalion, es-pecially from the crew of the Sea Ur-chin, Corp. R. C. Duke, Sgt. M. L. Hansard, Pfc Robert Weir, Tom Cor-coran and Hislop.

A. M. Murello, 103 Stockton St., Brooklyn 6, N. Y., to hear from old buddies formerly with Hdqtrs. Co., 5th Service Depot, or anyone else with whom he has served.

Ex-SSgt. John R. Kirkland, Jr., 3410 Delaware Ave., Richmond, Va., to contact George Johnson and Ralph I. Kreid-er who saw service with both MAG 21 and MAG 24 during the war.

Ray Hechler, Route 7, Box 1354B, Carteret, N. J., to hear from Jack Helms, formerly a PISgt. in "K" Co., 3rd Bn., First Marines, First Division, also from Bob Smith formerly of the USS Helena.

Edward Kosior, 5 Federal Ct., Spring-field, Mass., concerning the present whereabouts of MSgt. Clay Langston, Jr., formerly with "B" Btry., 8th De-fense Battalion in the Gilbert Islands.

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(city and state or station)

END



# MARINE CORPS CHARGES

Marine Corps Special Orders

#164-49

to

Marine Corps Special Orders

#195-49

HICKMAN, EDWARD L. MSgt. (812) fr 2dMarDiv Lejeune to MCS Quantico.  
SCHLITZER, JOHN F. MSgt. (812) fr MB NAD Hingham, Mass to MCS Quantico.  
BENKO, SAMUEL L. TSgt. (608) fr MCRDep PI to MB Lejeune.  
WRIGHT, DAVID M. TSgt. (747) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point.  
MULLETT, RICHARD E. MSgt. (684) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point.  
ROLLINS, NORMAN O. MSgt. (522) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MCAS El Toro.  
CARTER, EDWARD W. MSgt. (812) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MCAS El Toro.  
ROSSO, JAMES T. MSgt. (584) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MCAS El Toro.  
TORCASO, ALBERT, MSgt. (911) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MCAS El Toro.  
MITCHELL, ALDEN L. TSgt. (747) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MCAS El Toro.  
LYNCH, RAYMOND L. TSgt. (617) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MCAS El Toro.  
SPIERS, KENNETH L. TSgt. (747) from MCAS Cherry Point to MCAS El Toro.  
SCOTT, CHARLEY H. MSgt. (814) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MCAS El Toro.  
WHITE, CHARLES A. MSgt. (747) fr MCAS El Toro to MCS Quantico.  
BOGLER, LEO J. MSgt. (638) fr MWRD Rt. Louis Mo. fr 2dMarDiv Lejeune.  
OLDHAM, JAMES M. MSgt. (813) fr MB Lejeune to HqBn HQMC WashDC.  
SCOTT, IRWIN W. MSgt. (638) fr MCDS Phila to HqBn HQMC WashDC.  
GRATO, ANTHONY J. MSgt. (542) fr 6th MCRD Atlanta Ga to 1-1 13thSigCo USMC Chicago Ill.  
PATTEN, WILLIS E. TSgt. (542) fr 6th MCRD Atlanta Ga to MB Pendleton, duins TpElec Course.  
BRUNING, HOWARD A. MSgt. (688) fr MB Pendleton to HQSP.  
LOWRY, HARRY R. MSgt. (648) fr MB Pendleton to HQSP.  
LAKE, DONALD E. TSgt. (542) fr MB Pendleton to HqBn HQMC WashDC.  
VAUGHAN, THOMAS C. MSgt. (813) fr MCAS Quantico to MCAS Cherry Point.  
WOODS, GEORGE D. MSgt. (558) fr MCAS Quantico to MCAS Cherry Point.  
FERGUSON, JAMES J. MSgt. (501) fr MCAS Quantico to MCAS El Toro.  
MORRIS, HAROLD N. TSgt. (876) fr MCAS Quantico to MCAS El Toro.  
STRONG, HUBERT R. MSgt. (812) fr MCAS Unit at Univ of Neb to MarCorpsAct as dir by CG DP SanFran.  
GIMBER, EARLE A. MSgt. (797) fr NROTC Unit Marquette Univ to MCRDep PI.  
HENRY, ROYER, MSgt. (585) fr NROTC Unit Purdue Univ to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.  
MARSHALL, HENRY R. MSgt. (812) fr NROTC Unit Pennsylvania State College to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.  
HULY, GEORGE, MSgt. (812) fr NROTC Unit Villanova College to MCS Quantico.  
DAY, FRANCIS L. MSgt. (812) fr NROTC Unit Mo Univ. fr MB Wash NGF WashDC.  
SWETT, ARCHIBALD G. MSgt. (812) fr NROTC Unit Univ Rochester NY to MCS Quantico.  
McCLUND, WILLIAM J. MSgt. (812) fr NROTC Stanford Univ (Calif) to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.  
GLENN, ROBERT C. TSgt. (812) from NROTC Unit Univ of Calif to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.  
DICKSON, DAVID E. TSgt. (677) fr NROTC Unit Dartmouth College 2dMarDiv Lejeune.  
REDDICK, DORRIS A. TSgt. (812) fr NROTC Unit Vanderbilt Univ to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.  
BATES, JOHN H. TSgt. (501) fr DP SanFran to HqBn HQMC WashDC.  
DICKSON, GEORGE E. TSgt. (501) fr MB NAS Jacksonville Fla to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.  
OTTINGER, "V" TSgt. (292) fr HqBn HQMC WashDC to MCS Quantico.  
KOON, ARVEL D. TSgt. (501) fr MCAS El Toro to MARC NAS Glenview Ill.  
O'NEILL, JOHN, MSgt. (745) NROTC Unit College of Holy Cross to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.  
ROBINSON, HARRY, MSgt. (745) fr HqBn HQMC WashDC to 15thNavDist, Balboa, C.Z.  
STEPHENSON, DAVID M. MSgt. (697) fr MD NAD Earle NJ to MCS Quantico.  
BUCKNER, VERNIE W. MSgt. (646) fr 2dMarDiv Lejeune to MB NAD Earle NJ.  
BEDFORD, JOSEPH R. MSgt. (641) fr MCS Quantico to MCRDep PI FFT SigSec Gordon Ga.

MAMOLA, ELIAS J. MSgt. (735) fr HqBn HQMC WashDC to DQN.  
WOOLLEY, SIDNEY R. MSgt. (747/770) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MCAS Quantico.  
STEFFEN, ALEXANDER, MSgt. (505) fr MB Pendleton to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.  
TUTER, OTIS R. MSgt. (596) fr MB Pendleton to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.  
PALMER, JAMES D. MSgt. (505) fr Barstow Annex Barstow Calif to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.  
DE LA HUNT, RAMES O. MSgt. (615) fr MCRDep Diego to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.  
GARDNER, DOUGLAS D. MSgt. (605) fr MCRDep Diego to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.  
JARON, STANLEY T. MSgt. (603) fr MCRDep Diego to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.  
TERRY, ARTHUR F. TSgt. (845) fr MCRDep Diego to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.  
BALCHER, JULIAN H. MSgt. (152) fr NERD Phila to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.  
BENDER, ALVIN R. TSgt. (152) fr 1stMarDiv Pendleton to NERD Phila.  
MAY, CHARLES D. MSgt. (501) fr HqBn HQMC WashDC to MCRDep PI duins PersAdmin Course.  
BONKALL, ROBERT N. MSgt. (511) fr MCDS Phila to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.  
DANIEL, ROBERT L. MSgt. (606) fr MB Pendleton to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.  
PYLE, LOUIS W. MSgt. (606) fr MB Pendleton to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.  
NEPVEUX, WILSON, TSgt. (812) fr MB 15thNavDiv Balboa C.Z. to MCRDep PI.  
ELLIOTT, BERT L. TSgt. (812) fr MB 15thNavDiv Balboa C.Z. to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.  
KENTON, HARRY A. TSgt. (505) fr FMFPac to HqBn HQMC WashDC.  
MOUNT, SAMUEL, TSgt. (059) fr FMFPac to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.  
STIEB, JOSEPH D. TSgt. (009) fr FMFPac to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.  
CLARK, JAMES T. MSgt. (504) fr 2dMarDiv Lejeune to MB Lejeune.  
STACEY, CECIL, MSgt. (107) fr 2dMarDiv Lejeune to MCS Quantico.  
RUSSELL, ATUS D. MSgt. (812) fr DP SanFran to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.  
McMILLAN, JOHN R. TSgt. (812) fr DP SanFran to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.  
O'SHEA, JOHN J. MSgt. (812) fr MB NM Port Chicago Cal to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.  
SEARS, KENNETH O. MSgt. (813) fr NERD Atlanta Ga to DQP.  
MADDOX, BRUCE, MSgt. (584) fr ComPhibForLantPit USN TMS to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.  
SCOTT, DONALD J. MSgt. (812) fr Mare Is Calif to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.  
MILLER, LEWIS, MSgt. (812) fr MB NAS Diego to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.  
WEBSTER, CLIFTON, MSgt. (990) fr MB Pendleton to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.  
KENNING, HENRY J. MSgt. (593) fr MB Pendleton to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.  
JOHNSON, ROY M. MSgt. (606) fr MB Pendleton to MB Lejeune.  
GIANNATTASIO, JOHN JR. MSgt. (606) fr MB Pendleton to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.  
FITZGERALD, EDWARD J. MSgt. (606) fr MB Pendleton to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.  
VEDAVINES, ANDREW J JR. TSgt. (812) fr MB NB Phila to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.  
DICKISON, PAUL H. MSgt. (014) fr MCDS Phila to MB Lejeune.  
KLAPPENBACH, LESTER R. TSgt. (584) MCRDep PI to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.  
KIRKLAND, WILLIAM C. TSgt. (583) fr HqBn HQMC WashDC to MB Lejeune.  
BAKER, HERSCHEL L. TSgt. (812) fr NROTC Unit Univ North Carolina to MB Lejeune.  
TWOERK, JOSEPH A. TSgt. (812) fr NROTC Unit Northwestern Univ to MB Lejeune.  
ZEECH, ALVIN L. MSgt. (059) fr DP SanFran to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.  
WATKINS, JOHN F. TSgt. (847) fr MCRDep Diego to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.  
McCAMMON, CLAUDE A. TSgt. (501) fr 9th MCRD Chicago Ill to MCRDep PI.  
ERNISSEE, WARREN E. TSgt. (847) fr MCS Quantico to MCRDep Diego.  
GIFFORD, CLARENCE O. TSgt. (542) fr HqBn HQMC WashDC to MB Pendleton duins TpElec Course.  
LIBBEY, FRANK R. MSgt. (638) fr MB 15thNavDiv Balboa C.Z. to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.  
TAYLOR, ROBERT C. MSgt. (511) fr MCDS Phila to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.  
HOULE, JAMES L. MSgt. (812) fr MB Lejeune to NERD Atlanta Ga.  
WINGFIELD, GAR A. TSgt. (822) fr MB Lejeune to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.  
FRAZER, DAVID R. MSgt. (980) fr 1stMarDiv Pendleton to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.  
DEL GATTO, DOMINICK T. MSgt. (014) fr 1stMarDiv Pendleton to WRD SanFran.  
BELL, JOHNY, TSgt. (337) fr WRD SanFran to MB Pendleton.  
KENT, MILFORD E. MSgt. (501) fr MB Wash NGF WashDC to FlagAllow ComPhibForLantPit USN Pacific.  
HAGOOD, FLETCHER M. TSgt. (337) fr MB Lejeune to Barstow Annex Barstow Calif.  
HACKETT, JAMES J. TSgt. (337) fr MB Lejeune to MB Pendleton.  
PAUL, GEORGE, MSgt. (813) fr MB Lejeune to MCS Quantico.  
GIBSON, WALTER L. MSgt. (813) fr MB Lejeune to MCRDep PI.  
SCHROEDER, ROBERT E. MSgt. (600) fr HqBn HQMC WashDC to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.  
FARKUS, VINCENT J. TSgt. (745) fr NROTC Unit Univ of Illinois to MCS Quantico.  
OLIVER, JESSE W. MSgt. (584) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point.  
HINTON, OLIVY J. MSgt. (812) fr MB NS Treasure Is to HqBn HQMC WashDC.  
ROSE, LEWIS O. TSgt. (820) fr MCDS SanFran to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.  
WHITE, IVAN T. TSgt. (580) fr MCDS Phila to 1-1 20thEngCo USMC R-01 Shaw Chan.  
SHOEN, EDWARD T. MSgt. (337) fr 1stMarDiv Pendleton to DQN.  
GREEN, EDGAR L. MSgt. (511) fr Barstow Annex to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.  
BOORAS, TED, MSgt. (601) fr MCRDep Diego to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.  
ALESHERE, WALDO J. MSgt. (601) fr MCRDep PI to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.

DIXON, GLENN R. MSgt. (584) previous orders fr MB NTC Great Lakes to 2dMarDiv Lejeune cancelled.  
CRUISE, NEWTON D. JR. MSgt. (615) fr 2dMarDiv Lejeune to MCS Quantico.  
CULBERSON, HENRY S. MSgt. (815) fr 2dMarDiv Lejeune to MCS Quantico.  
RAMSLEY, ALLEN T. MSgt. (606) fr 2dMarDiv Lejeune to MB Wash NGF WashDC.  
FABY, ALBERT W. MSgt. (691-K) fr 2dMarDiv Lejeune to MCS Quantico.  
LEACH, FREDERICK W. MSgt. (720) fr 2dMarDiv Lejeune to MarCorpsAct as dir by CG DP SanFran.  
SIMMONS, BERNARD P. MSgt. (985) fr 2dMarDiv Lejeune to MCS Quantico.  
THENARY, FRANK H. TSgt. (994) fr 2dMarDiv Lejeune to MarCorpsAct as dir by CG DP SanFran.  
TURSE, FRANK, MSgt. (585) fr MB NB Phila to MD USS ROCHESTER.  
MUNN, CARMEL, TSgt. (996) fr MB Pendleton to HqBn HQMC WashDC.  
JUSTIS, EULAS S. MSgt. (996) fr MB Pendleton to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.  
INMAN, RALPH O. MSgt. (996) fr MB Pendleton to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.  
DILL, TALMAGE C. MSgt. (815) fr MCDS SanFran to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.  
KEOWN, EVERETT C. TSgt. (775) fr FMFPac to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.  
SHELOSKE, STANLEY R. MSgt. (630) fr CRD Chicago to MB NAS Diego.  
KNOWLTON, LEWIS L. MSgt. (831) fr HqBn HQMC WashDC to CRD Chicago.  
FELLOWS, LAWRENCE E. MSgt. (911) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point.  
ALLSUP, ROBERT H. MSgt. (911) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point.  
COLBATH, ARTHUR B. JR. MSgt. (820) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point.  
GRIST, WALTER, MSgt. (808) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point.  
WEBER, NICHOLAS A. MSgt. (911) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point.  
HERNDON, LOXNIE B. MSgt. (600) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MCAS El Toro.  
FRYER, EDWIN L. TSgt. (878/800) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MCAS El Toro.  
BARKER, JOHN A. TSgt. (747) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MCAS El Toro.  
HENDERSON, RAYMOND C. TSgt. (747) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MCAS El Toro.  
BROOME, THOMAS W. TSgt. (600) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MCAS El Toro.  
DUARTE, DONALD, MSgt. (747) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MCAS El Toro.  
LASPADA, CARMELO, MSgt. (017) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MCAS El Toro.  
LUDINGTON, RICHARD O. MSgt. (747) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MCAS El Toro.  
ATKINS, OWREN B. JR. TSgt. (620/548) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MCAS El Toro.  
LE CLAIR, RALPH E. TSgt. (747) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point.  
BOYER, BERNARD L. TSgt. (600) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point.  
TABER, JAMES M. TSgt. (600) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point.  
THOMAS, WALDRON E. MSgt. (620) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point.  
McDONALD, JAMES D. MSgt. (630) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point.  
HATCH, HAROLD A. MSgt. (812) fr NROTC Unit, Univ of Mich to MCS Quantico.  
SHELTON, J. G. JR. MSgt. (050) MCAS Quantico to MCAS Cherry Point.  
WARRICK, ROY V. TSgt. (747) fr MCAS Quantico to MCAS Cherry Point.  
SHIRLEY, JOE D. TSgt. (512) fr MCAS Cherry Point Pierce, Harold W. TSgt. (639) fr HqBn HQMC WashDC to MCS Quantico.  
HUDSON, JACK J. (501) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Quantico.  
LAMSON, MERRILL J. S. MSgt. (014) fr MARC Glenview Ill to MCAS El Toro.  
MORSE, WILLIAM JR. MSgt. (745) fr MD NDB NB Quantico to MCS Quantico.  
COCHRAN, ROBERT J. MSgt. (876) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Quantico.  
KROEGER, HERBERT J. MSgt. (501) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MCAS Quantico.  
WINSHIP, LARRY E. MSgt. (344) fr MB NB Boston to MCS Quantico.  
TAYLOR, ROBERT W. MSgt. (812) fr MB NFG Dahlgren Va to MCS Quantico.  
WINFIELD, SAMUEL, MSgt. (584) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MCRDep PI.  
ARNETT, JAMES W. MSgt. (584) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MCRDep PI.  
SAMUELS, RUBIN, MSgt. (275) fr MB NB NorVa to MCRDep PI.  
ROBERTS, FRED SR. MSgt. (639) fr MB NAS Pensacola to HQ FMFPac.  
ANNIS, THEODORE J. TSgt. (812) fr MCAS Cherry Point to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.  
BRODERICK, JAMES R. TSgt. (747) fr HqBn HQMC WashDC to MCAS Cherry Point.  
POLLARD, FREDERICK W. TSgt. (813) fr MCS Quantico to MCAS Cherry Point.  
PETERSON, VERNED E. MSgt. (610) fr 2dMarDiv Lejeune to MCRDep PI.  
TOBIN, VINCENT J. MSgt. (747) fr HqBn HQMC WashDC to MCAS Cherry Point.  
SCHROEDER, ROBERT E. MSgt. (600) previous orders fr HqBn HQMC WashDC to 2dMarDiv Lejeune cancelled.  
FURNITON, ROBERT F. MSgt. (501) fr MD USS PHILIPPINE SEA to MCS Quantico.  
LUNDBLAD, CLIFFORD E. TSgt. (815/381) fr 1stMarDiv Pendleton to DQP.  
HODGES, WILLIAM E. TSgt. (501) fr MB NAD Nola to HqBn HQMC WashDC.  
CHAUVIN, JUNIOR E. MSgt. (501) fr MB NAD Nola to HqBn HQMC WashDC.  
BUSH, EDWARD B. MSgt. (813) previous orders fr Barstow Annex to 2dMarDiv Lejeune cancelled.  
ROBERTS, STEPHAN, MSgt. (639) fr HqBn HQMC WashDC to MCS Quantico.  
DUNKELBERGER, HARIS "R" MSgt. (501) MB NB Los Angeles to MCRDep PI.  
TROUT, ROBERT H. MSgt. (501) HqBn HQMC WashDC to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.  
BOWMAN, HOWARD W. MSgt. (820) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MCS Quantico.



PARKER, STERLING E., MSgt. (830) fr MCS Quantico MB NSB Newlon.  
HURN, WILLIAM D., TSgt. (600) fr MCAS El Toro to MCS Quantico.  
WINKLER, ROBERT F., TSgt. (868) fr MCAS El Toro to MCS Quantico.  
MONAHAN, JOHN J., TSgt. (600) fr 1st MarDiv Pendleton to MB Lejeune.  
JOHNSON, JOSEPH H., TSgt. (820) MB NS Diego to 1st MarDiv Pendleton.  
MARSH, ALONZO "C", SSgt. (812) fr MB 15thNavDiv Balboa CZ to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.  
PRIOR, ALBERT E. JR., SSgt. (677) fr MB Pendleton to MCS Quantico.  
SMALL, SAMUEL W., MSgt. (990) fr 2dMarDiv Lejeune to MB Pendleton.  
CRAIG, ALAN L., MSgt. (584) fr MCAS El Toro to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.  
WARD, JESSIE H., MSgt. (826) fr MCS Quantico to MCAS El Toro.  
KOPACK, ANDREW J., TSgt. (812) fr MB NB Phila to MCRDep PI.  
HAY, CLYDE C., MSgt. (501) fr MB NGF WashDC to MCRDep PI.  
WARD, JAMES B., TSgt. (501) fr MB NB Phila to MCRDep PI.  
KEARNS, DOUGLAS L., SSgt. (501) HqBn HQMC WashDC to MCRDep PI.  
PEREGRINI, ANNA, SSgt. (275) HqBn HQMC WashDC to MCRDep PI.  
MOORE, JOHN L., SSgt. (501) 1stMarDiv Pendleton to MCRDep PI.  
BRUSO, LOHAINE G., SSgt. (501) HqBn HQMC WashDC to MCRDep PI.  
JOHNSON, JEANNE E., SSgt. (405) HqBn HQMC WashDC to MCRDep PI.  
GREIFENSTEIN, WILMA, SSgt. (405) fr HqBn WashDC to MCRDep PI.  
MARESKI, EDWARD J., TSgt. (639) fr Quantico to HqBn HQMC WashDC.  
GILPIN, JOHN H., SSgt. (822) fr MCS Quantico to MB NB Newport RI.  
MADDOX, JESSIE E., SSgt. (337) fr MB Lejeune to HqBn HQMC WashDC.  
SANTORIUS, CLAUDE "X", MSgt. (584) previous orders fr 3dMCRD NY NY to 2dMarDiv Lejeune, cancelled.  
RIMA, PHILIP W., MSgt. (542) fr MCAS Quantico to MAD NATTC NAS Memphis.  
CECELSKI, JOHN Z., TSgt. (879) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MAD NATTC NAS Memphis.  
HULL, DONALD L., SSgt. (878) fr MCAS Cherry Point to NAS Memphis.  
WILLIAMS, LAWRENCE L. JR., MSgt. (747) fr MCAS Quantico to MCAS El Toro.  
PAULSON, RAYMOND C., TSgt. (564) fr MCAS Quantico to MCS Quantico.  
HOUDER, CHARLES H. JR., TSgt. (878) fr MCAS Quantico to MCS Quantico.  
KING, EDWIN C., SSgt. (747) fr MCAS Quantico to MCS Quantico.  
CONROY, JOHN F., SSgt. (528) fr MCAS Quantico to MCS Quantico.  
SHEA, ROBERT E., TSgt. (564) fr MCAS Quantico to MCAS El Toro.  
GREY, ALVIN H., MSgt. (609) fr MB Pendleton to HqBn HQMC WashDC.  
FRASER, WARREN H., MSgt. (501) fr MB Pendleton to HqBn HQMC WashDC.  
HENDERSON, JAMES S., SSgt. (917) fr MCDs Barstow to HqBn HQMC WashDC.  
FLETCHER, WALTER E., MSgt. (584) fr MCRDep PI to 13thMCRD Seattle.  
PETTY, CHARLES, MSgt. (812) fr SRD Dallas to MCS Quantico.  
SEWELL, FRANK W., TSgt. (152) fr FMFACt San NorVa to DI SanFran.  
WILKINSON, HENRY E., TSgt. (639) fr MCAS SanFran to 13th InfBn USMC R N MTRC Tucson Ariz.  
DRINKARD, ELBERT J., SSgt. (152) fr MCDs SanFran to FMFACt San NorVa.  
BARNEY, JACK, MSgt. (949) fr MB NTC Great Lakes to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.  
LAMBERT, WILSON H., TSgt. (542) fr 2dMarDiv Lejeune to MB NTC Great Lakes.  
HOLMES, GILBERT S., SSgt. (745) fr 2dMarDiv Lejeune to MCS Quantico.  
CORBET, ROBERT H., SSgt. (501) MB Wash. to HqBn HQMC WashDC.  
BEONEL, HEWITT L., TSgt. (604) MB NAD NOLA to MB NB NTC NorVa.  
TAYLOR, JOHNNIE B., SSgt. (604) MB NAD NOLA to MB NB NTC NorVa.  
FRAZIER, EDWARD W., SSgt. (812) MB NAD NOLA to MB NB NTC NorVa.  
MXSO 181  
KIRK, ROGER T., MSgt. (379) fr MB Lejeune to MCS Quantico.  
SINK, ROBERT E., TSgt. (659) fr MB WashDC to Barstow Annex.  
SCHROEDER, ROBERT E., SSgt. (600) fr HqBn HQMC WashDC to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.  
HARMON, CLESTON B., TSgt. (864) fr MB Mare Is to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.  
SYKES, MARSHALL A., SSgt. (606) fr HqBn HQMC WashDC to 2d MarDiv Lejeune.  
JOHNSON, JOHN A., SSgt. (667) fr MB NB NY Brooklyn to MB Lejeune.  
JASKULSKI, ALFRED A., SSgt. (667) fr MB NAD Hingham Mass to HqBn HQMC WashDC.  
CAPUCILLE, ALBERT B., MSgt. (617) fr MCRDep Diego to MCDs Barstow.  
MINTER, CLARENCE E., MSgt. (600) fr MCRDep Diego to MCRDep PI.  
MANGRUM, EDWARD F., MSgt. (600) fr MCRDep Diego to Chgo NM Port Chicago Calif.  
PRIES, LAWRENCE C., MSgt. (812) fr SRD Dallas to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.  
KIPP, JOHN D., MSgt. (501) fr WRD SanFran to MacCorps as dir by CG DP SanFran.  
LAKE, LEWIS E., SSgt. (812) fr MB NOB Trinidad to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.  
GILLIS, JAMES A., MSgt. (812) fr MD USS BOXER to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.  
ABRACAS, WILLIAM A., MSgt. (584) FMFACt to HqBn HQMC WashDC.  
ZIMMERMAN, JAMES B., MSgt. (337) fr MB NB NY Brooklyn to MB Lejeune.  
CURREY, THURMAN D., TSgt. (600) fr MCRDep PI to MB Lejeune.  
AMES, BARBARA A., TSgt. (501) fr MCRDep PI to HqBn HQMC WashDC.  
MACDONALD, FRANK, TSgt. (812) fr MWRD St. Louis to MCRDep PI.  
WAGNER, JACK W., TSgt. (501) fr WRD SanFran to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.  
PARSHLOW, PAUL L., SSgt. (824) fr MB NTF Indian Head Md to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.

McCONE, JAMES, SSgt. (934) fr MB NTF Indian Head Md to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.  
BUMPASS, RUSSELL, SSgt. (745) fr MB NDB NB Psmh NH to MB 15thNavDiv Balboa CZ.  
O'KEEFE, JAMES E., SSgt. (745) fr MB NDB NB Psmh NH to MB 15thNavDiv Balboa CZ.  
BALL, CLAUDE W., SSgt. (501) fr MAD MARTC NAS Akron to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.  
MURPHY, JOSEPH J. JR., SSgt. (607) fr MB NOB Gtmo to MCS Quantico.  
GRAY, ALLEN F., SSgt. (864) fr WRD SanFran to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.  
SCHLEF, WILLIAM K., TSgt. (649) previous orders fr TTT NAS Pinalia Coronado Calif to MB Pendleton, cancelled.  
GORDON, WOODROW W., MSgt. (639) fr MCRDep PI to MB Pendleton.  
BUTCHER, MICHAEL J., MSgt. (879/770) fr MB Pendleton to MCAS Cherry Point.  
GILL, WILLIAM J., TSgt. (649) fr MB Pendleton to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.  
KEEGAN, LOHAS J., TSgt. (829/770) fr MB Pendleton to MCAS El Toro.  
HALEN, HOWARD T., TSgt. (836/822) fr MCDS SanFran to MCS Quantico.  
ARTERBURN, GARETT, TSgt. (822) fr HqBn HQMC WashDC to MB NB Phila.  
MILLS, ROBERT A., TSgt. (922) fr MCS Quantico to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.  
RUSH, GEORGE J., MSgt. (542) fr MB Lejeune to BROWN, WALTER H., TSgt. (715) fr MB Lejeune to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.  
MORAN, ROY E., MSgt. (747/770) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MCAS El Toro.  
WALTERS, ALBERT, MSgt. (617) fr MCS Quantico to MB NB TI SanFran.  
WOOD, ZELMA W., MSgt. (501) fr MCRDep PI to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.  
GAGNE, JOSEPH F., TSgt. (503) fr HqBn HQMC WashDC to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.  
RICHARDSON, ELMER E., SSgt. (617) fr MCRDep Diego to MB NB Brem.  
PRESLEY, WILLIAM H., SSgt. (677) fr MB Nact NGF WashDC to MCRDep PI.  
VAUGHAN, ROY S., SSgt. (622) fr MCDS SanFran to MB Pendleton.  
EATON, HYRON A., MSgt. (747) fr MB Wash to MCAS Cherry Point.  
BISCHOFF, JOSEPH J., MSgt. (878) fr MB WashDC to MCAS Cherry Point.  
BOYNTON, WILLIAM W., MSgt. (584) fr MCDS NorAnderson, ORVILLE B., MSgt. (584) fr MB NTC Great Lakes to DQN.  
NIEDER, JOSEPH, MSgt. (584) fr 1st MCRD Bos to MB NTC Great Lakes.  
BRITTON, ALBERT L., MSgt. (501) fr MCRDep PI to MCS Quantico.  
CROSBY, MORRIS V., MSgt. (337) fr 1stMarDiv Pendleton to Barstow Annex.  
QIANAKIS, GEORGE J., TSgt. (600) fr MB Lejeune to MCS Quantico.  
VON SEGEN, GERALD C., TSgt. (501) fr SRD Dallas to MB NB Phila.  
BOLDUC, JOHN J., SSgt. (400) fr HqBn HQMC WashDC to MB Lejeune.  
JAMISON, MARY M., SSgt. (212) fr HqBn HQMC WashDC to MCRDep PI.  
FARNER, ROBERT P., SSgt. (677) fr MCS Quantico to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.  
PELTIER, ROBERT A. JR., SSgt. (660) fr MB Lejeune to MCS Quantico.  
BRITTAIN, BERNARD G., SSgt. (660) fr MB Lejeune to MB NB Phila.  
KVETKUS, VICTOR C., SSgt. (745) fr MB NGF WashDC to MCRDep PI.  
HOLMES, WILLIAM E., MSgt. (747) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MCAS El Toro.  
HUMBAR, JAMES H., MSgt. (747) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MCAS El Toro.  
FAUVILLE, ARTHUR J., TSgt. (747) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MCAS El Toro.  
FERGUSON, THOMAS V., MSgt. (659) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point.  
DESROSIERS, JOSEPH O., MSgt. (660) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point.  
VITTOR, JAMES A., SSgt. (747/770) fr MCAS Quantico to MCAS El Toro.  
RAND, RAYMOND C., TSgt. (600) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MCAS El Toro.  
GLIOTTON, ALEXANDER E., SSgt. (973) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MCAS El Toro.  
KAZEAR, THEODORE D. JR., SSgt. (747) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MCAS El Toro.  
FLOSKI, JOHN S., MSgt. (886) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point.  
KAHLER, JACK W., MSgt. (774) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point.  
BARNES, LYNN C., MSgt. (973) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point.  
PETERS, DAVID J., TSgt. (639) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point.  
ROBERSON, MARION R., TSgt. (684) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point.  
OGUIN, BENNY F., SSgt. (659) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point.  
BUSK, ROBERT E., SSgt. (747) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point.  
PRICE, BONNIE M., SSgt. (747) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point.  
GIROUARD, GEORGE L., SSgt. (973) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point.  
MacLAUGHLIN, WALTER H. JR., MSgt. (911) fr MCAS Quantico to MCAS Cherry Point.  
SAUTTER, ARTHUR J., TSgt. (747) fr MCAS Quantico to MCAS Cherry Point.  
SMITH, MAURICE, TSgt. (878) fr MCAS Quantico to MCAS Cherry Point.  
LESTER, WILLIAM H., MSgt. (826) fr MCAS Quantico to MCAS Cherry Point.  
BALL, CLYDE T., SSgt. (787) fr MCAS Quantico to MCAS Cherry Point.  
BESTWICK, WILBUR, MSgt. (584) fr MCDS SanFran to MCRDep PI.  
MARINE, NORL G., MSgt. (654) fr MAD NATTC NAS Memphis to MCAS Cherry Point.  
TYLER, WILLIAM E., SSgt. (826) fr HqBn HQMC WashDC to MCAS Cherry Point.  
MITCHELL, LOYE W., MSgt. (542) fr 1stMarDiv Pendleton to 3d MCRD Barstow.  
NEMSMITH, JOSEPH Q., MSgt. (911) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MCAS Quantico.  
MARKIEWICZ, RAYMOND A., TSgt. (911) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MCAS Quantico.  
MOLLOHAN, FREDERICK P., MSgt. (639) 2dMarDiv Lejeune to MB Pendleton.

HAMMAN, GLENN A., MSgt. (819) fr MB Lejeune to MCS Quantico.  
MILLER, EDWARD H., TSgt. (812) fr MB Pendleton to MCAS Cherry Point.  
VALLIERE, JEAN L., TSgt. (735) fr MCAS El Toro to HqBn HQMC WashDC.  
RUSS, WILLIAM M., TSgt. (598) fr HqBn HQMC WashDC to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.  
GUTIERREZ, FABIAN, SSgt. (747) fr MCAS El Toro to MCS Quantico.  
STEVENS, CARROLL D., SSgt. (614) fr TTU Nav PhibBase Little Creek Va to DQF.  
PRESTON, BETTY J., SSgt. (213) fr HqBn HQMC WashDC to MCS Quantico.  
GETTYR, THOMAS H., SSgt. (501) fr MCS Quantico to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.  
SKINNER, CHARLES W., SSgt. (608) fr MCS Quantico to HqBn HQMC WashDC.  
BEARD, JOHN M., MSgt. (584) fr MB NAD NOLA to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.  
BEAUMONT, JOHN J., MSgt. (584) fr 12th MCRD Los Angeles to MB Lejeune.  
FORT, WILLIAM F. JR., MSgt. (584) fr MB NGF WashDC to MCRDep PI.  
HOLTGRAVE, VIRGIL H., MSgt. (584) fr 1stMarDiv Pendleton to 1-1 12thInfBn NAMCHCTU TI SanFran.  
HUNTER, HIRSHAM N., MSgt. (584) fr 12th MCRD SanFran to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.  
JESSEN, JESSE A., MSgt. (820) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point.  
MANN, SALVATORE S., MSgt. (584) MB NAD NOLA to MB NB Newport RI.  
MOORE, SEWARD L., MSgt. (697) fr MB Lejeune to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.  
RUNK, HAROLD W., MSgt. (584) fr 1stMarDiv Pendleton to MCRD PI.  
SLAYTON, ROGER H., MSgt. (584) fr 1stMarDiv Pendleton to 11 MCRD NAMCHCTU Los Angeles.  
KELLER, BERTHAM W., TSgt. (826) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MCAS El Toro.  
LUNDY, CORDELL L., TSgt. (636) fr MB NAD NOLA to MD NTC NorVa.  
McGAUGHY, CHARLES W., TSgt. (820) fr MB Lejeune to HqBn HQMC WashDC.  
STRUNK, JACK N., MSgt. (813) fr HqBn HQMC WashDC to MB WashDC.  
MITCHELL, LEONARD J., TSgt. (622) fr HqBn HQMC WashDC to DQF.  
WEST, ROY M., TSgt. (812) fr HqBn HQMC WashDC to MB WashDC.  
RUSSELL, MILTON S., TSgt. (908) fr HqBn HQMC WashDC to MB WashDC.  
LUTHERAN, GEORGE C., SSgt. (998) fr HqBn HQMC WashDC to MB WashDC.  
KOEGL, RAYMOND L., SSgt. (275) fr HqBn HQMC WashDC to MB Lejeune.  
McLAIN, ADDISON R., MSgt. (584) fr 2dMarDiv Lejeune to MD NDB NB Psmh NH.  
MAXWELL, ROBERT R., MSgt. (501) fr 2dMarDiv Lejeune to MD MBB NB Psmh NH.  
HANCOCK, RAHLEY A., MSgt. (813) fr 4th 105mm Howltz USMC NAMCHCTU Portland to MCS Quantico.  
TRETTER, EDWARD M., MSgt. (637) fr MB Pendleton to MB Lejeune.  
KAPING, WILBERT H., MSgt. (637) fr MCRDep Diego to MB Pendleton.  
OSGOOD, KIRK E., MSgt. (584) fr 12th MCRD SanFran to MacCorps as dir by CG DP SanFran.  
PREMO, WILLIAM L., MSgt. (501) fr FMFACt SanFran to MacCorps as dir by CG DP SanFran.  
BENNETT, HARRY C., MSgt. (584) fr FMFACt SanFran to MCRDep PI.  
CELY, BIRKOKS C., TSgt. (650) fr MCAS El Toro Balboa CZ to MCRDep PI.  
ARGABRIGHT, JACK, TSgt. (956) fr MCAS El Toro to VMB-352.  
BRIDGES, CLYDE J., SSgt. (660) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MCAS El Toro.  
LUGO, EDWARD SSgt. (660) fr MB Lejeune to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.  
CADDLE, EUGENE, SSgt. (511) fr 6th InfBn USMC MCRTC Phila to DQF.  
DEKY, ANDREW J., SSgt. (660) MB NB Phila to HqBn HQMC WashDC.  
DACEY, ROBERT E., SSgt. (745) fr HqBn HQMC WashDC to MD NTC NorVa.  
EVERHART, UPTON N., TSgt. (735) fr HqBn HQMC WashDC to MB Lejeune.  
LOPEZ, ISIDRO, TSgt. (659) fr HqBn HQMC WashDC to 1st FMFACt.  
DE LORENZO, VITO P., SSgt. (668) fr HqBn HQMC WashDC to MB NOB Gtmo.  
GANCE, JOSEPH E., MSgt. (747) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point.  
STUART, ROBERT C., TSgt. (656) fr MCAS El Toro to VMB-352.  
SMITH, HULON C., MSgt. (740) fr MCDs NorVa to FMFACt San NorVa.  
ZACKARIAS, WILLIAM C., TSgt. (740) fr MB Lejeune to DQN.  
STEPP, ODIS, SSgt. (583) fr 1st MarDiv Pendleton to MB Lejeune.  
CHALKLEY, James O., MSgt. (584) fr 1stMarDiv Pendleton to MCRDep PI.  
ILER, FRED B., MSgt. (836) fr 1stMarDiv Pendleton to MCRDep PI.  
MAGARGEE, LEROY F., SSgt. (994) fr 1stMarDiv Pendleton to MCRDep PI.  
BECK, WILLIAM R., MSgt. (812) fr MB NAD Cham to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.  
FITCH, ISAAC C., MSgt. (813) fr MCDs NorVa to MB NB NorVa.  
GENNUS, JOSEPH J., MSgt. (639) fr MB NAD NOLA to HqBn HQMC WashDC.  
NEES, LEO E., MSgt. (822) fr 2dMarDiv Lejeune to Barstow Annex.  
SICKELS, SEWELL R., TSgt. (639) fr MB Pendleton to MCRD Atlanta.  
PEJASKI, MIKE, TSgt. (639) fr CRD Chicago to MB Pendleton.  
PARKER, GEORGE E., TSgt. (812) fr NGF Wash to MB NB NorVa.  
FARIS, WILLIE V., TSgt. (812) fr MB NB Newport RI to 15thNavDiv Balboa CZ.  
EDGAR, JAMES F., SSgt. (813) fr MB NB NorVa to DQN.  
LAWRENCE, JOHN L., SSgt. (640) fr 1stProcCmbServG Barstow to MB NTC Great Lakes.  
HIXSON, FRED JR., SSgt. (677) fr MB Lejeune to 15thNavDiv Balboa CZ.  
RHODES, TERRANCE L., SSgt. (727) from MB Lejeune to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.  
OUSNAME, BERNARD "J", SSgt. (542) fr MB Lejeune to MB Pendleton.

# Books REVIEWED



**HIT AND RUN.** By Duane Decker. M. S. Mill Co. \$2.50

**T**O "Good Field, No Hit" and "Starting Pitcher" Duane Decker has added "Hit and Run," his third Mill Sports Novel for men and boys.

In this latest novel, as in the others, Mr. Decker continues to bring to the reader baseball fiction as it should be written. He sets down his tale with an authoritativeness which makes one believe that he is reading about yesterday's game in the morning paper. He sets up no fantastic situations on the playing field, the events are common place for big league baseball, but Decker can make each game seem like a World Series contest, and still the story rings true.

"Hit and Run" is about a little guy, Chip Fiske. He can do anything and everything a good right-fielder should, except bounce that long ball off the distant fences. In fact, it's because of his size that he made the big show. Lacking the power to get that long ball, he capitalized on his speed, in the outfield and on the base paths, and his uncanny ability to hit to any field, to such an extent that he became one of those invaluable men who usually stay around the game a long time.

His biggest enemy, however, was Chip Fiske, himself. Lacking the stature many think necessary for an outfielder, he let it get him down. He was too ready to settle the issues that went awry with his fists, no wise course, especially when the target chosen is much bigger and the fists proportionate.

After two farmed-out years in the minors, Chip goes up to the Blue Sox to replace a great slugger who had departed via the trade route. The big guy was slowing down afield, besides pitching was badly needed to bolster the club. He wouldn't be missed too much—but try and convince the fans out in the rightfield bleachers, or "Marshallville" as it is called.

Into this spot steps Mr. Fiske, and it isn't long before the fans discover that, despite his good play, he carries

a chip on his shoulder. He becomes a "loner" on the club, a rough problem for Manager Jug Slavin. Then one day Chip discovers another "loner", in the club-house, a colored lad up for his first try in the big show. They hit it off immediately, each seeming to understand the other's problem. But, comes the day when Chip blows his top and slugs a fan. His only friend, Kenzie Willard, is shoved into the right field slot, and with coaching tips from Chip, holds the job. This does nothing to change Chips' mental attitude, but the author works it out skillfully and without departing from good baseball. It's a good big league baseball story, in big league writing.

If Duane Decker continues his baseball series at his present one-a-year pace he could well be destined to take the place of the late Gilbert Patten, who gave us old timers "Lefty o' the Big Leagues," "Brick King, Backstop," "Lego Lamb, Southpaw," under the non de plume, Burt L. Standish. Hot Dawg, what memories!

S. D. G.



**PLEASURE ISLAND.** By William Maier. Julian Messner Inc., New York. \$3.00

**R**OGER Halyard was an old school figure. He had left his South Pacific island home just once for a trip to England and he lived in a world peopled by the characters of Stevenson and Kipling. Of course, there were the native blacks he guarded and kept unspoiled on his island, and the three

young daughters, left with him by his romantic wife some years before. Life was pleasant for Halyard and his only worry concerned the dirth of eligible males available to these young ladies on their island paradise.

Caught in the path of the advance against Japan up thru the South Pacific island chains, Halyard learns that his domain is to become an American base. He looks forward with keen anticipation to the arrival of his defenders with their numbers of refined and cultured officers with whom he can dine and discuss military history. There may even be some young gentlemen of fit company for his daughters.

The three girls anticipated the arrival of the Americans, too, for varied reasons. The luscious Violet, age 22, had definite ideas, quiet Hester, 20, dreamed of romance, Elsie, 17, just thought it would be good fun.

But from the day 500 Seabees and 1200 Marines of an aviation service group landed and greeted the appearance of the Halyard girls with long low whistles, poor Roger Halyard was in for a series of shocking surprises. The girls began the time of their lives.

Any Marine reader who did time in the SoPac or saw the effects of American invasions of foreign communities will enjoy Maier's humorous tale of the antics of the Marines as they turn Roger Halyard's world up-side-down. Some will be a bit embarrassed and sad too when they recall the impact of the "American way" upon simple and dignified peoples.

Most amusing will be the often typical portraits of the Marine officers and men. From the lascivious Colonel Allender to the scheming Gunner Miller, each character is good for a laugh and will remind the reader of people seen before.

Carl Rose of the *New Yorker* has done the illustrations and they alone are worth the price of the book. It's an amusing tale and could be made into a hilariously different "war movie" by our Hollywood friends.

J.A.D. Jr.

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